THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO 28. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

"BONY" ON WATERLOO.

Official Report of the Great Struggle by the Defeated Emperor, Published in English for the First Time.

He was Aware of the Prussian Flank Menace When the Fight Began—The "Old Guard," Contrary to Common Belief, Made No Charge at the Close of the Conflict.

Causes of the Stupendous Disaster.

Napoleon's bulletin of the battle of Waterloo, or Mont Saint Jean, has never yet been published in English, in the opinion of the *United Service Gazette*, which gives the following translation, taken from the correspondence of Napoleon I:

"At 9 o'clock in the morning, the rain having ceased somewhat, the First Corps began to march, and took its place on the left of the road to Brussels, and opposite to the village of Mont Saint Jean, which seemed to be the centre of the enemy's position. The Second Corps rested its right on the road to Brussels, and its left on a small wood within cannon shot of the English army. The cuirassiers were kept in reserve in the rear, and the Life Guards were in reserve on the heights. The Sixth Corps, with Gen. Domon's cavalry, under the command of Count Lobau, were detailed to take up position in rear of our right to oppose a German corps which appeared to have escaped Marshal Grouchy, and to intend falling upon our right flank—an intention which we discovered by our reports and by a letter from the Prussian general which contained an order which was captured by our scouts. The troops were full of ardor. The English army was estimated at 80,000 men the Prussian corps was supposed to be 15,000 men, with a possible increase toward evening. The enemy's forces, therefore, exceeded 90,000 men; ours were less numerous.

"At midday all preparations were completed, and Prince Jerome, in command of a division of the Second Corps detailed to form the extreme left, took up a position by the wood, part of which was occupied by the enemy. The cannonade commenced; the enemy supported the troops he had advanced to guard the wood by thirty pieces of cannon. We on our side also posted some artillery. At 1 o'clock Prince Jerome became master of the whole wood, and the whole English army retired behind a ridge. The Count d'Erlon then attacked the village of Mont Saint Jean; he supported his attack with eighty pieces of cannon. He commenced there an overpowering cannonade, which must have greatly harassed the English army. The whole action took place on the plain. A brigade of Count d'Erlon's First Division took possession of the village of Mont Saint Jean; a second brigade was charged by a corps of English cavalry, which inflicted upon it great loss. At the same moment a division of English cavalry charged Count d'Erlon's battery on its right and dismounted several guns; but Gen. Milhaud's cuirassiers charged this division, of which three regiments were repulsed and fled.

"It was now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The Emperor advanced the Life Guards to take up a position on the plain—the same ground which was occupied by the First Corps at the commencement of the action, this corps being already in advance. The Prussian division, whose movement we had foreseen, then became engaged with Count Lobau's skirmishers, directing their fire upon the whole of our right flank. It was expedient, before undertaking anything elsewhere, to wait the issue of this attack. With this object the whole strength of the reserve was held ready to come to the assistance of Count Lobau and to crush the Prussian corps when it should advance.

"This done, the Emperor intended to make an attack in the direction of the village of Mont Saint Jean, which it was expected would prove a decisive blow; but by a movement of impatience, so frequent in our military annals, and which has so often been disastrous to us, the cavalry in reserve, perceiving a retrograde movement of the English to place themselves under shelter from our batteries, from which they had already suffered so much, crowned the heights of Mont Saint Jean and charged the infantry. This movement made at the right moment and backed by the reserves, ought to have decided the day; made separately and before the operations on the right were completed it proved fatal. Having no means to countermand it, the enemy showing large masses of infantry and of cavalry, and the two divisions of cuirassiers being engaged, the whole of our cavalry started at the same moment to support their comrades.

"There, during three hours, they made numerous charges, by which we gained the breaking of several squares and six flags of the British infantry, an advantage hardly commensurate with the losses sustained by our cavalry from grapeshot and musketry. It was impossible to use our reserves of infantry until the attack of the Prussian corps on our flank was repulsed. The attack still continued, and directly on our right flank. The Emperor sent there Gen. Duhesme with the Young Guard and several reserve batteries. The enemy was checked, was repulsed, and retreated; he had exhausted his forces, and there was nothing further to fear from him. This was the moment suitable for an attack on the centre of the enemy. As the cuirassiers were suffering from musketry fire, four battalions of the Young Guard were sent to support the cuirassiers, to hold their position, and if it were possible, to disengage and withdraw a part of our cavalry to the plain. Two other battalions were sent to hold the eminence on the extreme left of the division which had manœuvred on our flanks, in order that there might be no cause for uneasiness in this direction; the rest were placed in reserve, one part to occupy the eminence in the rear of Mont Saint Jean, the other on the plain behind the field of battle, which formed our line of retreat.

"Under these circumstances, the battle was gained; we occupied all the positions that were occupied by the enemy at the commencement of the action; our cavalry having been too quickly and badly employed we could no longer hope for a decisive success. But Marshal Grouchy, having learned of the movement of the Prussian corps, marched in rear of that corps, which assured us a splendid success for the next day. After eight hours of firing and of charges of infantry and cavalry, the whole army saw with satisfaction the battle gained and the field of battle in our power. At 8.30 o'clock the four battalions of the Young Guard, which had been sent to the plain beyond Mont Saint Jean to support the cuirassiers, being inconvenienced by the enemy's grapeshot, advanced with bayonets fixed to sweep off its batteries. The day closed in; a charge on their flank by several English squadrons broke their ranks; the fugitives repassed the ravine; the neighboring regiments who saw some troops belonging to the Guard in disorder thought it was the Old Guard and gave way. The cry arose, 'All is lost! The Guard is beaten back!' The soldiers even maintained that at several points wretched renegades cried out 'Sauve qui peut!' Be that as it may, terror and panic immediately spread over the whole battlefield; all fled in the greatest disorder along the line of communication—soldiers, gunners, waggons hurried on! The Old Guard, which was in reserve, was pressed back and carried away.

"In an instant the army was only a confused mass—all the arms were intermingled, and it was impossible to reform a corps. The enemy perceived this astounding confusion; sent forward columns of cavalry; the disorder augmented; the confusion of the night prevented the rallying of the troops and showing them their mistake.

"Thus a battle ended, a day was finished, all false moves repaired, greater success assured for the next day. All was, however, lost by a moment of panic and terror. Even the veteran squadrons ranked beside the Emperor were upset and disorganized by the tumultuous crowds, and no other course was open but to follow the torrent. The reserve artillery, the baggage, which had not even reached the Sambre, and the enemy's ammunition, fell into the enemy's merciless hands. There was not even any possibility of waiting for the troops on our right. It is known what the bravest army in the world is when it is disordered and its organization no longer exists.

"The Emperor passed the Sambre to Charleroi on the 19th at 5 o'clock in the morning. Philippeville and Avesnes were fixed upon for the rendezvous. Prince Jerome, Gen. Morand, and other generals had already rallied a part of the army there. Marshal Grouchy, with his corps of the right directed his movement on the Lower Sambre.

"The enemy must have suffered great loss, judging by the flags we captured and by the many times he retreated. Our own we were unable to calculate until after our troops had rallied. Before the disorder broke out we had already experienced some considerable losses, especially in our cavalry, so disastrously but so bravely engaged. Notwithstanding these losses, this courageous cavalry persistently held the position which it had taken from the English, and did not move until the tumult and disorder of the battlefield forced it to. In the middle of the night, and of the obstacles which incumbered the route, it could not even keep its organization.

"The artillery, as usual, covered itself with glory. The carriages of the general staff were left in their usual position, no retrograde movement being thought necessary. In the course of the day they were taken by the enemy. Such was the issue of the battle of Mont Saint Jean, glorious and yet so fatal for the French army."

Great Britain's Army.

The annual army returns of Great Britain recently made up at the war office, disclose some curious information as to the nationality and religion of the 100,174 soldiers of the United Kingdom. Of these, 78,089 were born in England, 7,743 in Scotland, 12,693 in Ireland, 1,344 in India or the Colonies. As to religion—70 697 are set down as belonging to the Church of England, 7,424 as Presbyterians, 5,219 as Wesleyans, 722 as Protestants of other sects, and 16,063 as Catholics.

According to the latest returns, the following are the nationalities of non commissioned officers and men serving at home and abroad:

English	150 048
Scotch	16,838
Irish	30,302
Born in India or Colonies	4 907
Foreigners	136
Not reported	530

In 1885, 158 foreigness were returned; in 1886, 153. There is a noticeable difference in the comparative numbers of Englishmen and Irishmen in the army now and twenty years or so ago. In 1868 there were: Englishmen, 106 810; Irishmen, 55 583. That is to say, there were not twice as many Englishmen as Irishmen. Now the former are in the proportion of three to one. There has been no material difference among the Scotch, though their proportionate number is slightly smaller than it was.—*Ex.*

The presence of dandruff indicates a diseased scalp, and if not cured, blanching of the hair and baldness will result. Hall's Hair Renewer will cure it.

O'GORMAN MAHON'S CAREER

A Graphic Sketch of the Remarkable Life of the Picturesque Old Irish Chieftain.

His Quarrels With O'Connell After 1829 His Adventures in South America and Other Countries.

The O'Gorman Mahon, who died recently, aged 89, was a Clare man, and was born midway between Kilrush and Kilkee. The O'Gorman Mahon's death creates a vacancy in the representation of Carlow county. He was educated in Glongowes Wood college, and subsequently in Trinity college, where in 1822, at the age of nineteen, he obtained his B. A. degree. It was at the famous Clare election that O'Gorman Mahon for the first time took his stand in Irish politics, having been deputed by the Catholic Association to proceed at once to the scene of the contest. At this time The O'Gorman Mahon was only in his 25 h year. This is how Richard Lalor Sniel described him:

"Nature has been peculiarly favorable to him. He has a very striking physiognomy of the Corsair character, which the Protestant Gulnares and the Catholic Medoras find it difficult to resist. His figure is tall, and he is peculiarly free and *degage* in all his attitudes and movements. On any other his personal attire would appear singularly fantastical. His manners are exceedingly frank and natural, and have a character of kindness as well as of self reliance imprinted upon them. He is wholly free from embarrassment and *mauvaise honte*, and carries a well founded consciousness of his personal merit, which is, however, so well united with urbanity that it is not in the slightest degree offensive. His talents as a public speaker are considerable. He derives from external qualifications an influence over the multitude which men of diminutive stature are somewhat slow of obtaining. A little man is at first view regarded by the great body of spectators with disrelish, and it is only by force of phrase and the charm of speech that he can at length succeed in inducing his auditors to overlook any infelicity of configuration. But when O'Gorman Mahon throws himself out before the people, and touching his whiskers with one hand brandishes the other, an enthusiasm is at once produced to which the fair portion of the spectators lend their tender contribution."

The O'Gorman Mahon distinguished himself in a characteristic fashion at the Clare election. "Before the business began," writes an eye witness of the scene, "a gentleman was observed on whom every eye was turned. He had, indeed, chosen a position for himself, and, instead of sitting like the other auditors on the seats in the gallery, he leaped over it, and, suspending himself above the crowd, afforded what was an object of wonderment to the great body of the spectators, and indignation to the high sheriff. The attire of the individual who was thus perched in this dangerous position was sufficiently strange. He had a coat of Irish tabinet, with glossy trousers of the same national material; he wore no waistcoat; a blue shirt, lined with streaks of white, was open at his neck, in which the strength of Hercules and the symmetry of Antinous were combined; a broad, green sash with a medal of the "Order of Liberators" at the end of it, hung conspicuously over his breast, and a profusion of black curls curiously festooned about his temples shadowed a very handsome and expressive countenance, a great part of which was occupied by whiskers of bushy amplitude. The high sheriff (Mr. Molony, of Kiltannon,) had been an officer of the East India company, and of course had acquired an air of importance and any amount of arrogance. He was fond of ejaculating during the proceedings of the day, "I am the first man of the county." The conduct of the gigantic and presumptuous young man sitting on the railings of the gallery scandalized him and he shouted for the name of the offender. "My name is The O'Gorman Mahon," came the reply firmly, and, indeed, aggressively. "I tell that gentleman," roared the high sheriff, "to take off that badge." There was a moment's pause, and then the following answer was slowly and articulately pronounced: "This gentleman (laying his hand on his breast) tells that gentleman (pointing to the high sheriff) that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman or any other gentleman, while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him." This extraordinary sentence was followed by a loud burst of applause from all parts of the courthouse, and the high sheriff, after an interval of irresolution, sat down looking aghast and dejected.

A political career could not have opened more brilliantly or with such promise of success in Ireland, where courage and daring, youth and comeliness, physical strength, a noble Irish name, and eloquence—qualities and gifts possessed by The O'Gorman Mahon—are so much admired. His political career, however, was at the beginning of his life a very brief one. He quarreled with O'Connell, and the inevitable result—banishment from public life—followed in his case, as it followed in the case of every man who came in conflict with the great demagogue. On the death of George IV., in 1830, parliament was dissolved, and a general election ensued. O'Connell did not seek reelection in Clare, but was nominated for Waterford county and was returned. There were two candidates for Clare—both popular, both natives of the county, and both having peculiar claims on the support of O'Connell. They were The O'Gorman Mahon and Major MacNamara, who was O'Connell's second in his fatal duel with D'Esterre in 1815. MacNamara, it seems, had threatened opposition to O'Connell in the election of 1828, and O'Connell bought him off with a written engagement to support him on any future occasion on which he might seek to be returned for Clare. Now that the occasion had arisen, O'Connell sought release from the engagement, for his sympathies were with The O'Gorman Mahon, but MacNamara held him to his bond and insisted on his fulfilling his promise in Clare. O'Connell proceeded to Clare in the interest of MacNamara, and just outside Ennis an encounter of an extraordinary character, which was nearly proving tragic, took place between him and The O'Gorman Mahon, who—the Liberator's opposition notwithstanding—persisted in going to the poll. O'Connell, seated in his triumphal car, was advancing in the center of a multitude of admirers on Ennis, when the shouts and clamor of a second procession, engaged in cheering The O'Gorman Mahon, was heard behind. A dreadful collision seemed likely to ensue, as the followers of The O'Gorman Mahon were determined to push forward and take by main force the van of O'Connell's adherents. It was a strange and dangerous scene of confusion, hubbub and uproar, and in the midst of it The O'Gorman Mahon left his vehicle, and—rash and impetuous always—got into O'Connell's car. O'Connell thought a personal attack on him was meditated, and grasping the O'Gorman Mahon by the collar, he exclaimed, "I'm as prepared to face death as yourself, and here's now for it!" flinging him at the same time off the vehicle. O'Connell apparently repented immediately of his hasty act, for he ordered his friends to halt and allowed The O'Gorman Mahon's party to take precedence.

The quarrel between the two was never mended. Whenever O'Connell afterwards referred to the scene near Ennis he declared his conviction that The O'Gorman Mahon intended to take his life—a very far-fetched assumption indeed—and, as we shall see later on, he carried his enmity to The O'Gorman Mahon to the bitterest extremity. The Clare election of 1830 resulted, however, in the return of The O'Gorman Mahon. He was but a year in parliament. In 1831 he was unseated on petition. His property qualifications did not stand the scrutiny of his adversaries, and he lost his seat because he was not worth £500 a year. Brief as had been his parliamentary career, it was an eventful one. He acknowledged O'Connell as his leader, and, with a view to put a stop to what the Liberator described as the "beastly bellowings" and the "ruinously interruptions" of opponents, he one evening walked across the floor of the house and challenged a rampant and disorderly Tory named Sir James Graham to fight a duel! He entered parliament in his gaudy dress of green Irish tabinet and his blue shirt, with white stripes, open at the neck. In a club house adjacent to St. Stephen's, which he used to frequent, he silenced a party of scoffers at his attire by breaking a plate over the head of the ringleader, and inviting him to meet him the next morning with pistols in a secluded nook of Hyde Park! He was one of the most prolific talkers in the house, and again and again he made the dominant Tories squirm with his distribes. One of the first divisions in which he took part was originated by Henry Hunt, the Radical member from Preston, who startled the authorities by moving in a very democratic speech a considerable reduction in the standing army. Only six other members—including Joseph Hume, Daniel O'Connell and The O'Gorman Mahon—voted for the motion. Of the seven who formed that remarkable minority, six had long since gone to swell the great majority. The seventh, after a long interval, has now joined them. The O'Gorman Mahon married, while member for Clare, Christina Maria, the daughter of Mr. M. O'Brien, of Fitzwilliam square, Dublin. He was also at that time a captain in the Clare militia. On his enforced retirement to private life he entered Trinity college again as a law student. He graduated M. A. in 1833, and two years later he was called to the bar, but did not practice. He made an attempt to reenter public life in 1833. In that year he attended a meeting of the "Irish Volunteers"—a Repeal Association founded by O'Connell in succession to the Catholic Association—and stood up to second a series of resolutions proposed by O'Connell himself. An exciting scene followed. O'Connell, in whose mind the encounter at Ennis was still fresh, objected to the presence of The O'Gorman Mahon, as he was not a Volunteer. "There, Mr. Dwyer," said The O'Gorman Mahon, addressing the secretary, and flinging a purse on the table, "there is £50, my subscription." O'Connell violently pushed the purse off the table and it fell at the feet of The O'Gorman Mahon. Cries and counter cries of 'Fair play,' "Turn him out," and "Order, order," were raised by the audience in the body of the hall. O'Connell, vexed at the encouragement given to The O'Gorman Mahon, demanded in angry tones if such a scene were to be tolerated by the assertion of individual audacity. The O Gorman Mahon, nothing daunted, exclaimed, "Mr. O'Connell, that is no language to be used to me. But that you are under the protection of a vow you dare not use it* That is very unfair." He had, however, to resume his seat, and when at the end of the proceedings he made another attempt to speak, O'Connell turned off the gas. As O'Connell left the hall he was pursued by The O'Gorman Mahon, but whether with hostile intent or not, is not very clear from the newspaper report of the meeting. "Don't follow me, sir," said the Liberator. "It is not the first time that I followed you," replied The O Gorman Mahon, "and I supported you, too, Mr. O'Connell." So the incident ended. O'Connell was an implacable foe to all and sundry, who, like The O'Gorman Mahon, had the misfortune to earn his enmity.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in his "Young Ireland," writes of O Connell, but without any reference to the case of The O'Gorman Mahon: "His dictatorship had never been successfully called in question. For thirty years he had banished from public life whatever candidate for public support he thought fit, and ruined whatever newspaper gave him serious cause of offense. His power was one nearly without parallel in history, and was only to be matched by the devotion of soldiers to a leader like Cæsar or Napoleon."

*This is an allusion to a vow made by O'Connell, after the tragic result of his encounter with D'Esterre, that he would never again fight a duel.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GENTLE OLIVER.

How the Soft-Hearted Irish Poet Relieved Suffering at Awful Cost to Himself.

He Gives His Blankets to a Beggar Woman and Her Children and Gets Imprisoned in His Own Bedtick.

I give the anecdote in Mr. Forster's words: "It is said to have been a rare occurrence when the five shillings of the Reindeer repository reached home along with him. It was more likely, when he was at his utmost need, to stop with some beggar on the road who had seemed to him more destitute even than himself. Nor this only. The money gone, he had often, for the naked shivering wretch, slipped off a portion of the scanty clothes he wore, to patch a misery he could not otherwise relieve. To one starving creature, with five crying children, he gave at one time the blankets off his bed, and crept himself into the ticking for shelter from the cold. For this anecdote Mr. Edward Mills, Goldsmith's relative and fellow student, is the authority. He occasionally furnished Oliver, when in college, with small supplies, and gave him a breakfast now and then, for which kindly purpose, having gone to call him one morning, Goldsmith's voice from within his own room shouted out that he was a prisoner, and they must force the door to help him out. Mills did this, and found him so fastened in the ticking of his bed, into which he had taken shelter from the cold, that he could not escape unassisted. Late on the previous night, unable otherwise to relieve a woman and her five children who seemed perishing with cold, he had brought out his blankets to the college gate, and given them to her."

A haphazard, miserable sort of college career terminated in the year 1749, when he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The youth returned to his widowed mother, now very poor, and living in a cottage in Ballymahon. There was no money with which to start the boy in life;

HE IDLED ABOUT

from Ballymahon to Edgeworthstown, from Edgeworthstown to Lissoy, where his sister, Mrs. Hodson, now occupied the old home, and though to enrich her the prospects of the whole family had been ruined, there does not appear to be any record of her having ever aided her young brother Oliver in any of his struggles. Once, indeed, when Goldsmith was very poor in London, Mr. Daniel Hodson got up a subscription for him—a very doubtful manner of doing a kindness to a brother, and one which so stung Goldsmith that henceforth he carefully hid his woes; even made believe to be prosperous when very far, indeed, from being so. No doubt, in the Ballymahon days the young brother was free to come and go at his sister's house, and so we still fancy him lingering about his childhood's haunts, visiting the first schoolmistress, the schoolmaster, with whom he could now argue and even hold his own, to the no small wonder of the guests at the old inn; or we see him the simple "mother's son," going of little errands for his mother to the Ballymahon shops for tea and sugar, the bills for which are yet to be seen.

One good friend Oliver had, an uncle, the Rev. Mr. Contarine, who seems to have had faith in and affection for the lad to the last day of his life. He it was who helped the youth with money, advice, the comfort of a home in his family at times; who started him in life more than once, though the nephew's own carelessness, or, rather, lack of worldly wisdom, caused failures that would have worn out the patience of most relatives. But this uncle probably had a heart like Goldsmith's own; a heart that enabled him to see all the good that so constantly struggled for a mastery over whatever was weak or culpable in the lad; good that must indeed have immeasurably preponderated in Goldsmith's nature, for his whole life shows how completely generosity, gentleness, affection, and refinement of mind and heart gained the victory over the sad teachings of an aimless, shiftless, poverty-ridden youth—a manhood full of bitter struggles, and trials; of hard, ill requited labor, such as would have rendered hopeless any but a nature literally made of faith, hope and love.

Idle, or apparently idle, days, months, years, Goldsmith spent at this time amid the various village scenes in this part of rural Ireland, but the life must have been one of great simplicity and of beauty in a certain sense, while its pleasures were many. At the same time Goldsmith was not quite unoccupied. His brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, had succeeded his father at Pallas and Kilkenny West on the £40 a year; he was also

SCHOOLMASTER AT LISSOY,

and Mr. Forster tells us that in the day time Oliver helped to teach in the school, and that he studied French with the Catholic priest of the neighborhood; he also spent a year—1751—as tutor in the family of a gentleman named Flynn, living in the neighborhood. In the possession of a gentleman in Athlone is an old inkstand which was purchased at a sale at the house of the Flynn family, where it had long been preserved as a souvenir of the poet's tutor days, when according to the traditions of the house, it was frequently used by Goldsmith during his residence there. This inkstand was exhibited in Athlone by its owner, Mr. Hopkins, of King street, and the following story connected with it appeared in the Westmeath *Independent*, July 12:

"One morning Goldsmith met the clerk of a certain Protestant clergyman with an old dog which he was going to destroy by his master's orders. Goldsmith having learned the clerk's errand, accosted him and requested him, before killing the dog, to bring a note to his master, and out of this very ink bottle he wrote:

'Rover, dear Rover, once frolicsome cur,
When you were young a bird could not stir;
Now you are old, and not able to bark,
You're condemned by the parson to be hanged
by the clerk.'

Rover escaped death."

Idleness is a poor thing, but it was all that could be brought to the charge of Goldsmith when in after years the village gossips strained every memory of those early days; at all events, they were the few sunny days of his life—God knows, he worked hard enough afterwards, and up to the hour of his premature death. Any joy there was in his life he had here, where he had bright, hopeful youth, loved friends, and scenes so like his own nature that, as is evident from many of his works—"The Deserted Village," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Animated Nature," "The Man in Black"—not a spot, not a custom, not a character, escaped the careful study of those "idle" years. He himself tells how dear they were, how fondly his memory ever brought them. The pity is they were so few, and that he never could realize his dreams.

A little behind the Protestant church there is a stone-roofed oratory whose doorway is almost identical with that of the old chapel of the MacNaughten's at Drum, although a tablet inserted over the doorway of this oratory says it was erected in the seventeenth century in memory of two priests of the Dillon family. It is said in the neighborhood that at this little building is much older than the seventeenth century, and that the tablet was merely inserted into the wall at that time—1678 1680. Outside the walls that enclose the churchyard, with its church and oratory, are evidently the foundations of the ancient monastery once standing there. Lewis' "Topographical Dictionary" states that "an abbey anciently existed here, of which St. Scannail, one of the abbots, died 773; it was with its possessions, granted in 1590 to Robert Dillon, *in capite*, at the annual rent of £29 0s 10d. A priory, or hospital of Crouched Friars was also erected here in the beginning of the thirteenth century by Friar Thomas, grandson of Sir Thomas Dillon; and some of the ruins still exist. In 1335, the

GRAND PRIORY OF KILMAINHAM

had an exempt hospital here; and there was a holy well, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Not very far away there is a well dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, but the holy well here in the immediate vicinity of the oratory and the ruins of the foundations—only one small field off—is known to all around as Kenny's Well. This is a pretty spot; a tiny grove fenced in, and a well much venerated by all the people. Here we found a portion of a very old baptismal font; a figure of a dove in the centre of what appeared to be the canopy or upper portion of a tabernacle. Several of the people dwelling around assured us that these stones were carried here years ago by a farmer, who removed them from St. Clare's chapel "when it was took down." This probably was the ancient church at or near Bethlehem, on the shore of Lough Ree, and not very far away. Tubber Claire (St. Clare's Well) is also in this place. We found everywhere through this part of the country that there is still great devotion to the beautiful old custom of making patterns or pilgrimages to these holy wells, and St. Kenny's—or St. Canice's—well has its constant pilgrims on Sundays and Fridays. I remarked this particularly, because Sir William Wilde, in his "Boyne and Blackwater," says that nowhere in these districts is this custom now to be met with. Perhaps he found, as many strangers do, that the people, while polite and ready to give information on ordinary topics, would not speak to him of these matters, not wishing to talk on subjects often made light of by those who perhaps do not quite understand the custom, or the feelings with which the peasantry regard its observance.

In a field adjoining the road, on the side opposite the church, is an old tower, the remains of one of the castles built here by the Dillons.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Von Moltke's Modesty.

Any one who cares to know the greatness of Moltke's modesty should read this letter from him to the poet Von Rodwitz, who had addressed to him some flattering verses shortly after the Franco Prussian war:

"*Honored Sir:* You have had the kindness to send me your beautiful poem concerning the new empire. The poet is a spendthrift, giving with open hands diamonds and pearls, the stars of heaven and the flowers of earth. Thus, too, he gives praise. This I bear in mind as I read your verses in which I am compared with the great men of antiquity. While these men were great—yes, especially great—in misfortune, we have had only successes. Call it chance, fortune, fate or divine providence, as you will, the truth remains that man did not accomplish these gigantic results. They are the product of circumstances which we neither create nor control. * * * The unconquerable force of circumstances often shatters the greatest man while carrying forward the less great one. While I, therefore, not from false or vain modesty, consider most of the praise of me undeserved, I am by no means untouched by it, for verses like yours may easily survive many a marble or bronze monument. Accept my heartiest thanks and the assurances of respect with which I sign myself, most sincerely,

"COUNT MOLTKE."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with terminal in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER II—(Continued)

INTENT OF "AN AFFAIR OF HONOR"

Patrick Barrett's attention was arrested by the bustle attending the ball which was being given that night by the officers of the Carbineers. Right opposite his father's house lay the square of barracks which had been erected at the instance of Lord Tyrawley (James O'Hara), by whom Ballina was founded in 1729. The barrack gate stood open to admit a stream of carriages which was slowly passing through, equipages of the gentry of the district, Jacksons and Ormsbys, Gores, Cuffes, Knoxes, and others. On one side was drawn up a row of mounted Carbineers, their helmets and drawn swords flashing in the glare of the links or torches borne by active lackeys who ran hither and thither.

"Splendid muster of the ascendency," murmured the spectator, "manly forms and angelic faces *ad lib*—sufficient almost to reconcile one to the permanent rule of those gay but bogus patricians. They will have a delightful night of it, a tinselled dream; perhaps theirs shall be a rude awakening."

"Dear me, it is Mr. Barrett," cried a silvery voice, and he beheld Miss Fortescue, graciously nodding to him from the window of a carriage.

A sudden thrill possessed him. How exquisite, how radiant she looked! The wrapping fell back for a moment from her shoulders, displaying her graceful neck, its whiteness relieved only by a string of rubies, rising over a foamy surrounding of rich lace. Diamonds glittered amidst the masses of her golden hair.

Dazzled and entranced, he raised his hat and bowed with all the deep and staid courtesy of the period.

"Surely you are going to the ball?" she continued.

"No, Miss Fortescue—to my utter misfortune!"

Confusion! As he spoke he caught the sarcastic glance of Pierce Crofton, who was actually seated in the carriage beside this enrapturing siren.

"That is a pity. We might have renewed the pleasant dancing acquaintance we made today in such impromptu manner at—what do you call the funny place? Ah, thanks. Oh, please keep it. Good night, Mr. Barrett."

The line of carriages rolled on. He held in his hand a flower from her bouquet—a flower which had become detached and remained in his hand when he returned her the bunch of bloom and fragrance that she had dropped—was it accidentally?

Turning away from the scene of bustle he walked up the street, but soon halted, as if in homage to the singular beauty of the autumn night, and leant musingly on the low wall bordering the lawn that extended down to the river, a lawn velvety with grass and overhung with stately trees. Beneath flowed the broad, silvery Moy, with beyond it the ivied ruins of the Augustinian abbey of Ardnaree. Close to his ear, as it seemed in the stillness of the night, sounded the murmur of the white cascades further up the river, opposite Pul-na-Bilshi, or "Billy's Pool"—where Billy Carolan, who built a mill there in the time of Charles II, was drowned in his own mill race.

Behind him extended the long, two story facade of Ballina House. The building lay in darkness and silence, its proprietor, Col. King, being absent in the metropolis or elsewhere, nursing a wound he had received at Vinegar Hill, where he fought with his militia regiment against the insurgents.

A reminiscence of his boyhood visited our spectator. He recalled the day, thirteen years previously, when the wall upon which he leant, one of handsome stonework, was covered with fine turbot, fish caught on the Yellow Bank, far out in the Atlantic, by the Colonel's yachtsman, Peter Cowell, and thus placed in order to gladden the eye of that Vitellius of Irish viceroys, the Duke of Rutland, on the occasion of his visit to Ballina, a visit celebrated *a la mode* with a grand review-ing of volunteers, triumphal arches, and fireworks.

"Which reminds me of the firework business I myself have in hand," thought Barrett with a yawn. "Now if I can but find Goodwin he is just the man to arrange the affair to a nicety. Here goes."

He knocked at the neighboring door of Dr. Jemmy Knox, and on inquiring for that gentlewan's brother-in-law, Capt. Goodwin, was at once shown to his room.

He found the gallant officer, who belonged to the regular army, in the act of shaving, and the operation was continued while Barrett related the object of his visit.

"Shall be only too happy to serve you, my dear boy. Honor, egad, before all things! And so Crofton called you a clod-hopper."

"Yes. Not a very offensive term *per se*—rather a compliment to one's agility, if it might be taken in that amiable light—but its application was too painfully public, you understand."

"He called it you before all the world and the ladies."

"Precisely."

"Zounds! spring triggers and all the articles of the Galway code of honor, he must meet you. I know you've been on the turf before."

'Yes, one fine morning last March Capt. Smith and myself plugged each other in sundry parts and healed our honor at the expense of our limbs. Our rendezvous was Lisgue, in suitable proximity to the burial ground. The same will suit for our present purpose."

'Very well, though I was thinking of the favorite tryst—the space between Ardnaree Abbey and the river. Thursday morning you say, at 6 o'clock; and this is Tuesday. All right. Go and brush up your shooting. Crofton shall duly receive the cartel."

"Eternally obliged."

The visitor departed. Capt. Goodwin whistled as he gave the finishing touches to his toilet, preparatory to starting in military state for the ball.

"Mars in the ascendant among the yeomen! Two members of that valiant arm of the service going to make targets of each other. It will be rare fun to be there, if only to count the number of misses."

On regaining the street Barrett walked rapidly along past a row of houses with peaked dormer windows—houses built by Lord Tyrawley for his Ulster colony, and roofed with timber taken from the dismantled monastery of Moyne, five or six miles down the river.

He soon became conscious that he was followed, and paused at a corner to reconnoitre. A huge, slouching figure was coming stealthily along, looming in the shade of the houses. Darting forth on its approach, Barrett recognized the same face which he had shortly before seen peering in through his fathers window—that of Billy Moran, a burly yeoman sergeant, of truculent bhien and evil reputation.

"Take that, you scouldrel for daring to dog your superior officer."

With his cane he delivered a severe cut across the face of the surprised yeo, who with a sudden, sharp exclamation of rage and pain, turned and decamped. The student, with a grim laugh, held on his way.

In Arran street he turned into an establishment known as "Mrs. Smith's hotel," at the door of which a gossoon was holding two horses, saddled and bridled.

In a room off the bar, lingering over a glass of scaltheen—a judicious mixture of whisky and melted butter—sat a tall, handsome young man, whose stalwarth person was enveloped in the folds of a traveling cloak. At Barrett's entrance he rose eagerly, and there was a warm mutual greeting, though the pair spoke in subdued tones.

"Why, Tony, you are a living wonder! I was astonished to get your letter, but have managed, as you see, to slip away and meet you at the appointed minute."

"Just so—punctual as ever, Pat, in affairs concerning the cause. A year hasn't changed you much."

"A year?—ay, to be sure, McCann, 'tis twelve months since I saw you last—the night of the meeting of the brethren in the room upstairs here, when poor Lord Edward attended, he in the brown and yellow livery of a groom, and you and Sam Neilson as gentlemen in quest of ——"

"Of information which is now being turned to good account. But come, my boy, I wish you to accompany me to Killala. Important meeting there tonight, and the good news I bear will burthen me till I am rid of it. I have made all preparations for our journey; see, our horses are at the door. Can you conveniently come?"

"Scarcely, but I shall strain a point of course."

"Bravo! One stirrup-cup and then to the road. The night waxes late, and 'tis six good Irish miles to the town of the round tower."

Barrett scribbled a hasty note to his sister ascribing his night's absence from home to the fact of meeting an esteemed friend, whose pressing invitation he could not resist; a thousand sincere excuses to Maeve; he would probably be back in the early morning.

Soon afterwards he was riding towards Killala in company with Anthony McCann, one of the most active agents of the United Irish organization.

CHAPTER III.

A MEETING OF "BRETHREN."

The tranquil gloom of a harvest night shimmering with stars was settling over Killala as two horsemen rode in, their conical hats almost brushing the dark boughs which overhung the road where it led past the bishop's demesne, forming a tunnel like entrance to the little town.

The bayonet of a feeble sentry was gleaming at the gate of the bishop's palace, several yeomen in uniform were loitering about, but the travellers—our friends Barrett and McCann—passed on unchallenged and drew rein unmolested in one of the ancient streets.

Ancient those streets undoubtedly were, the episcopal "city" of St. Muredach ranking highest in point of antiquity of all the towns of Mayo or Sligo. In appearance it sustained its venerable reputation. The stately round tower of that prince of Irish architects, Goban Saer, rose soaringly above the maze of straggling streets which had accumulated round it in the the course of misty centuries, and looked forth upon the broad bay, whose bosom had borne many an armament—Milesian, Danish, Welsh, Norman. Near at hand the Protestant cathedral stood on the site of the ancient "Church of the Swan" (Cill Aladh) which gave name to the town. In the neighborhood, at Meelick, at Rappa, at Castleres, were the remains of the feudal homes of the old Welsh and Norman Barons, who once rode with their retinues through those narrow streets, perhaps to settle some hot dispute by means of a bloody tryst, perchance to pay their devoirs to the lord bishop in his palace.

Killala had witnessed some sweeping changes in its proprietorship. The power of Norman and Cymry went down before Elizabeth's undertakers and Cromwell's trooper settlers; the caravels which traded with Spain quite disappeared from the Bay, to the great injury of the town; Dr. Kirwan, the last Catholic bishop of the diocese for many a year, was captured in his castle and sent into exile, to lay his bones at Rennes, in France, and a prelate of the Established Church was duly installed in the old Episcopal palace.

The descendants of the English and Scotch settlers now formed a kind of local standing garrison—namely, the Killala yeomanry, which was commanded by William Kirkwood, J P. This garrison was on the present occasion further increased by a detachment of the Leicestershire or Prince of Wales' Fencibles, under Lieut. Stills.

But little did the loyal defenders suspect the mission or motives of our two belated visitors. The latter dismounted at the door of a small but comfortable hostelry close beneath the shadow of the round tower. The door of the tavern, which displayed the sign of "The Wolf dog," stood invitingly open, and a hospitable glare of light streamed forth.

"Well, Anthony," said the organizer, as the pair stepped inside, "as well as ever, I see, and I hope as strong, and the 'Wolf-dog' doing a roaring trade."

"Say a growlin' one, begorra, and you'll be about right," replied the landlord, with a laugh, as he drew his massive limbs together and arose. The owner of those limbs, Anthony Coolican, was an athlete of widespread fame. He accorded a hearty welcome to the new arrivals, then beckoned them to go upstairs.

"I do not see my pretty friend, Nanny Ward," remarked McCann, pausing with his foot on the lowest step.

"Married, and gone with her husband to Wexford."

"Brave little woman! Curious place for a honeymoon, but I knew her heart was in the right place."

"Yes, Tony, remember you used to say that the round tower here and the 'Wolf dog,' with Nanny in the foreground, made a purty good picture of Erin, just as they paint her in the pictures. But up with you; here's a few customers, and the less seen of you the better."

Redcoats appeared in the doorway, and a group of tipsy fencibles staggered in with boisterous demand for drink.

Upstairs McCann tapped in a peculiar manner at a door. It was at once opened, and he and his companion found themselves in the presence of three men, who were seated in conversation at a table.

One of the three, with a steaming glass before him, was our friend Major Bellew. The others were Killala acquaintances of his—namely, Neal Kerrigan and Tom O'Kearney, both men in the prime of life, and devoted "United Men."

The company was a merry one, and the newcomers were greeted with hearty expressions of welcome and delight.

"All hail, Tony, thou precious budget of seditious news," eagerly exclaimed the major. "Now we shall hear everything worth knowing, and a good deal more besides. But how now, Patrick, my boy; despite your hint today I did not know you were one of us. So you're really one of the 'United?'"

"Ay, Major," responded Barrett with a laugh, "and, perhaps, in this matter an older recruit than yourself, for all your campaigning."

"My senior in the cause, eh? Faith, my lad, for that hit I'll give you a try in the catechism. Come now, are you straight?"

"I am."

"How straight?"

"As straight as a rush."

"Go on, then."

"In truth, in trust, in unity, and in liberty."

"What have you got in your hand?"

"A green bough."

"Where did it first grow?"

"In America."

"Where did it bud?"

"In France."

"Where are you going to plant it?"

"In the Crown of Great Britain."

"Correct to the letter, my young pupil," said the Major, in a tone half quizzical, as he closed the curious set of testing queries in vogue among a section of the United Irishmen; "correct to the letter, and may we soon witness that glorious plantation!"

"Glad I have satisfied you," said Patrick. "Why, Major, you should be appointed catechiser-in-chief to the organization in this district. Or you might render signal assistance to our friend, Tom O'Kearney; you know he teaches classics out there in the Acres."

"Oh, bother your musty classics!" retorted the Major, good humoredly. "Granted that I made liberal acquaintance with Horace and Cicero, and lots of your ancient worthies at Rome, in my student days, but I never had much *grá* for them. But, Tom, my gay philomath; if you would like to flavor the curriculum of your academy with a dash of living languages, say German and French, Italian and Magyar, with even a touch of Turkish, Mat Bellew's your man. Zounds; your pupils shall be modern polyglots."

The teacher of classics smiled and shook his head.

"Many thanks, Major. I know your continental ramblings have made you a consummate linguist, and that your appearance as professor in my school would quite extinguish my own humble light; but your offer comes rather too late; you are aware of my intention, should circumstances favor it, of abandoning the ferule for the sword.

O'Kearney had a penchant for stately diction and turned periods, but behind this professional weakness there lurked a firm will and steely resolve. He had received his classical education in the shade of a hedge, his perceptor a felon in the eye of the law, and a juvenile sentry on the watch for such beings as Shawn na Boggarth. His character had, therefore, been developed in crucial times. Courage, daring, and self sacrifice were among the leading national virtues nurtured in the shadow of the penal cloud.

"Should circumstances favor us, you say. Surely, my dominie, you are not turning sceptic?"

"Not I, egad. Hope sits serenely on her pedestal."

"Waiting confidently for the next mail, eh? And the postboy is here. Come, McCann, out with what we want to hear. You're the devil for keeping fellows in suspense."

"That's the talk," ejaculated Neal Kerrigan eagerly, and by way of affording a key note to the organizer, he drummed with his fingers on the table and hummed:

Oh! the French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Voght;
The French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Voght;
The French are on the say,
They'll be here at break of day,
And oppression will decay,
Says the Shan Van Voght!"

"Quite right, Neal," said McCann; "you never sang a truer or happier song in your life—that is if my calculations be correct—and they are not usually wrong. They will 'here at break of day,' or maybe at break of the next one, which doesn't make much difference. But be sparing of your vocalism for the present, my friend, or you may get us into difficulties. Listen!"

Loudly from down stairs came the refrain of a party song of the period, loyally roared by the carousing fencibles:

"Down, Down, croppies lie down!"

McCann gave vent to a grim laugh.

"Sing on, my festive warrior; dance and sing, for tomorrow—but we will make no sinister remarks, save that a certain amount of 'lying down' will become necessary. But you are getting impatient, friends, and no wonder. Well, here's the latest."

His three companions bent towards him with deep attention.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Nuall-dhubhadh Dheirdre a n-diagh Oilsinne Uisnigh.

Fada an lá gan clann Uisnigh,
Nior thuirseach bheith 'nna g-cualacht,
Mic rioghradh ré n-diltaigh deoraidh
Trí leomhain Chnuic na h-Uamha.

Trí leomhain do mhnáibh Bretan,
Trí seibhuic shléibhe Cuillinn,
Mic rioghdár ghiall an gaisgidh,
'S dá d-tugadar amhuis uirrim.

Na trí beithreacha beodha,
Trí leomhain Leasa Conarach,
Mic rioghré'r mhaith a moladh,
Trí mic uchta na n-Ulltach.

Triar laech nár mhaith fá urraim,
A d-tuitim is cuis truaighe,
Trí mic inghine Chathbhaidhe
Trí gabhla catha Cualigne.

Trí dregdin Duna Mónaidh,
Na trí curaidh ó'n g-Craebh Ruaidh,
'Nna n-diaigh ní ba beo mise,
Tríur bhriste na g-cath g-cruaidh.

Tríur do h-oileadh sa Aife,
Dá m-bíodh ericha fó chanaigh;
Trí h-uaithneadha bhriste catha,
Trí daltá do bhí ag Sgathaigh.

Trí daltán do bhí ag Uathaigh,
Trí laech fa buaine i d-treise,
Trí mic oirdhearca Uisnigh,
Fá tuirseach bheith 'nna n-easbaidh.

Ard-righ Uladh mo chead-fhear,
Do thrógeas é air ghrádh Naoise;
Geárr mo shaeghal 'nna n-diaigh,
Fearfad a g-cluithche caointe.

Go mairfinn a n-diaigh Naoise
Na aiteadh neach air talmain,
A n-diaigh Ainnle agus Ardáin,
Ionnam-sa ní bhéidh anmain.

'Nna n-diaigh ní ba beo mise,
Triar lingeadh tré lár deabhtha,
O chuaidh mo leanán uaim-se,
Deanfad air a uaigh ceatha.

A fhir thochlas an nuadh-fheart,
Na déan an uaigh go docrach,
Biad-sa a bh-fochair na h-naighe,
Ag deanamh truaighe a's ochan.

Mór do ghéibhfinn do dhochar,
A bh-fochair na d-trí g-curadh,
D'fhuilgfinn gan teach gan teine,—
Ní mise nach bíaidh go dubhach.

A d-trí sgiatha 's a d-trí sleagha,
Fá leaba dham go minic,
Cuir a d-trí g-cloidhmhe cruaidhe,
Os cinn na h-uaighe a ghillich.

A d-trí coin 's a d-trí seabhaic
Biaidh feasta gan lucht seilge,
Tríur eongbhala gach catha,
Tríur daltáin Chonaill Chearnaigh.

Trí h-ialla na d-trí g-con sin,
Do bhaia cona as mo chroidhe,
As agam do bhí a d-taisidh,
A bh-feicsin is fath caoidhe.

Ní rabhas aen lá am aonar,
Go lá dheanta na h-naighe,
Gidh minic do bhí mise
Agus sibh-se go h-uaigneach.

Do chuaidh mo radharc uaim-se,
Ag faicsin naighe Naoise
Gedrr go bh-faigfe me m'anam,
Ní mhaireann me lucht caointe.

O's trim-sa do fealladh ortha,
Biad fá dhódhruing go tuirseach,
As truagh nach raibh me a d-talman
Sul do marbhadh meic Uisnigh.

Truagh mo thurus le Fergus,
Dom' chealgadh do'n Chraebh Ruaidh,
Bé briathra blaithe binne,
Do mealladh sinne a n-aen-uair.

Do thrógeas saibhneas Uladh
Air thriar curadh ba treise,
Mo shae hal ní ba fada.
'Nna n-diaigh is aonar mise.

Is mé Déirdre gan saibhneas
A's mé a n-deireadh mo bheatha,
A bheith 'nna n-diaigh ó's miste
Ní bheidh mise go fada.

The record of cures accompanied by Hood's Sarsaparilla can never be completely written. The peculiar curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are successful when everything else has failed. If your blood is impure, your digestion out of order, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Particulars Concerning Snow Storms.

"Snow!" said a man with a turned down fold in his left ear to a quiet passenger who sat beside him; "you don't call this snow? Ever been out in Colorado? No? Well, spring before last we had a snowfall in Denver—28th of April, it was—and the street cars ran in tunnels through the city for four months. Weather! Why, you don't have enough to send flies on a vacation. That's the place—coldest winter you ever heard of, and hottest summer right on top of it. Sudden change middle o' May, and the ground was cracked with the heat by the 1st of June."

"But what became of the snow?"

"Packed. Heat melted it on top and water froze on the way down. 'Twas a bad winter to cut ice on account of the snowstorms, and the railroad company made a fortune in July selling hunks of the tunnel to butchers and saloon keepers."

"My friend," said the quiet passenger, as his eyes grew moist, "I've got a boy at home who has tried every business under the sun and succeeded in none of them. Will you try and teach him your trade?"

"What d'ye mean?" asked the man with the reference ear.

"I'd like to have him learn to lie," replied the quiet passenger. "If he can equal you I'll buy him a phonograph and set him up in the museum business."

But the weather critic had reached his station.—Brooklyn Eagle.

New York city employs 3,543 public school teachers.

Richard Tellis, who lives near Clifford, Mich., served in thirty-six engagements during the war and never lost a drop of blood.

At a military dinner in New York the other evening the ice cream came in the form of cannon balls, guns, swords and drums.

Thomas Stack, of Galesburg, Ills., and Ed Kane of Roseville, Ills., were drowned while boat riding on Lake George at Galesburg

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCELS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experience of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

PRICE: Full Cloth, $2.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

KILLED BY THE WIRE.

Execution of Four Murderers at Sing Sing Prison.

SLOCUM, WOOD, SMILER AND JUGIRO.

The First Shock from the Dynamo Killed the Culprit in Each Case—The Execution Pronounced a Complete Success by Those Who Witnessed It—History of the Crimes for Which the Four Men Paid the Death Penalty.

SING SING, N. Y., July 7.—The first of the four murderers to meet death by electrocution was Slocum, the base ball player. He was put to death at 4:42 o'clock Tuesday morning. The executions of Wood, Smiler and Jugiro followed in rapid order, in conformity with legal decree. Only the prison officials, scientific experts and witnesses especially summoned were present in the execution chamber at the taking off of the four murderers. Deputy Attorney General Hogan arrived Monday evening with the death warrants. The Rev. Father Creeden and his assistant, Father Hogan, clad in their priestly garb, arrived at the prison at about 9:40 p. m.

Prepared for Death.

The approximate time of turning on the current in each case was: Slocum 4:40, Smiler 5:10, Wood 5:30, Jugiro 7:05. The prisoners had received some intimation beforehand that the executions were to take place Tuesday morning and they were prepared for them. They went to the execution bravely and met their fate without a struggle. They offered no resistance, but rather assisted the keepers when they were bound down in the chair. The electrodes were not applied as in the Kemmler case to the top of the skull and the base of the spine, but were bound to the foreheads of the condemned men and calves of their legs. The current was turned on in each case for twenty seconds. The voltage was about 1,500 and 1,600. In each case there were apparent evidences of revival as in the Kemmler case and in each of these four cases the current was turned on a second time.

Flesh on the Legs Burned.

In spite of the fact that the sponges were kept constantly wet, all of the executed men were burned by the current and especially about the calves of the legs. The medical men present agree that death came on first contact and that the seeming revival was merely a reflex muscular action. None of the witnesses was overcome by fright, and all of them who have spoken have made the statement that the electrodes were successful and death in all cases was instantaneous and painless. At 12 o'clock Drs. Southwick and Daniels and Deputy Attorney Hogan left for the west. None of them would talk. Dr. Barber, the physician of the prison, came out shortly after and said that the autopsy was completed and that no statement would be given out for several hours. Dr. McDonald conducted the autopsy.

Everything Worked Smoothly.

The executions went off quietly. All of the men were killed on the first contact. There was no struggle when they were strapped down or resistance of any kind. The Rev. Mr. Lowe of New York, who assisted Chaplain Edgerton in his ministration to Smiler, said shortly after leaving the prison that all four men died instantly and painlessly, and that the electrodes were in every way a success

No Struggle or Resistance.

Two of the witnesses to the execution who refused to give their names were interviewed by the United Press correspondent before the autopsy. They said that all the electrocutions were completely successful and without flaw. None of the men struggled or resisted when placed in the chair. Instead of doing so they assisted the deputy warden in arranging the straps as Kemmler did at Auburn. Jap Jugiro, who, it was thought, would be hard to handle, was perfectly docile. All of the men were killed on the first contact. The positive electrode was applied as in the Kemmler case to the top of the head and the negative to the leg.

THE SECOND ELECTROCUTION.

Every Precaution Taken to Prevent Any Accident.

This was the second electrocution in history. The first occurred at Auburn eleven months ago, when the sentence of death was carried out on William Kemmler. Every precaution has been exercised here to avoid the mistakes which made the Kemmler affair in part a failure. The causes of the accidents and delays there were known to the warden at Sing Sing, and they had been anticipated in the arrangements for the execution of the four men who were to be put to death this week. The tested voltage of the dynamos has been brought up to 3,000, while the estimated voltage which was turned into Kemmler's body was only 750.

Two Dynamos Used.

The weakness of the current at the Kemmler execution was chargeable in part to the slipping of the belts on the dynamos, and especial precautions had been taken to avoid this at Sing Sing. A device for the tightening of the belts if they should slip was ready in the dynamo room at the north end of the prison building for use in case the resistance of the body of any one of the condemned men in the chair should cause an unusual strain on the dynamo and threaten an accident. The dynamo used was a Westinghouse, a counterpart of the machine used at Auburn, but it was supplemented by a smaller dynamo, intended to augment the current.

A Clumsy Arrangement.

The arrangement of the apparatus for testing the strength of the current was clumsy at Auburn—so imperfect that through the neglect of one of the electricians the incandescent lamps used to test the voltage was left burning and absorbing the greater part of the current's strength when it was turned into the body of the condemned man. Here at Sing Sing the switch controlling the electric current was so arranged that the motion that turned the current into the wire running to the execution chair turned it away from the incandescent lamps and the other devices for measuring its strength.

CRIMES OF THE MEN.

Each of Them Had Committed a Brutal Murder.

Jugiro was a native of Japan. He was living in one of the sailors' homes, while waiting the pleasure of the boarding house boss in the matter of putting him on board of a ship on which he had already signed articles to return to Japan. He got into a dispute with a countryman, Mura Casai, about a berth in the forecastle of the ship. Jugiro got a carving knife and stabbed Casai to death in the course of the fight that followed. His case was taken to the United States supreme court by Roger N. Sherman, the plea being that Jugiro had had no legal defense because his attorney, John R. Heilzelman, had not been admitted to practice at the New York bar.

The Crime Charged to Wood.

Joseph Wood was one of the negroes employed in building the new aqueduct. One pay-day in May, 1889, he got into one of the fights common among the gangs of laborers employed there. His opponent was an Italian, Carlo Ruffi, also an aqueduct laborer. Ruffi was killed. Wood had always asserted that he took Ruffi's life in self defense. His case was taken to the supreme court of the United States on the novel plea that Wood was not tried by his peers, because no negroes were on the jury. The appeal served only to prolong the prisoner's life.

Slocum's Crime.

James J. Slocum had been a base ball player and a common laborer. He had long been a wife-beater, but commonly pounded his wife with his fists and kicked her. On the night of Dec. 31, 1889, he came home and took an ax, which had been used by his wife to break up boards for fuel and beat the woman's brains out with it. He was convicted in March, 1890, before Judge Martine and was originally sentenced to die during the week beginning May 5 of that year.

Smiler a Bigamist and Murderer.

Harris A. Smiler was at one time a Salvation Army captain. He was a printer by trade and at the time the crime was committed there were three women living to whom he had been married and none of them had been divorced. The last one to go through the ceremony, Maggie Drainey, was his victim. He came home partly drunk on the night of April 3, 1889, and when she refused to promise to remain with him he shot her to death. He was originally condemned to die in the week beginning Aug. 14, 1890.

UNTOLD SUFFERINGS.

Terrible Experience of the Crew of the Bark Compadre.

LONDON, July 7.—A dispatch from Auckland, New Zealand, reports that the bark Compadre bound from Calcutta for Chili, recently caught fire at sea. After an ineffectual effort to subdue the flames, the captain steered his course for Bluff harbor, a seaport of the province of Otago. He had succeeded in bringing his burning vessell to the mouth of the harbor, when a tremendous hurricane overtook her. The exhausted crew spent their last energies in attempting to keep down the raging fire and at the same time force the unfortunate bark to face the tremendous winds and seas which beat upon and rushed over her. It was, however, all to no avail. After a desperate struggle with the opposing elements, the Compadre became waterrlogged, and was driven with fearful force upon the rocks of the desolate and uninhabited Auckland island.

Rescued at Last.

After incredible sufferings the crew of the bark succeeded in swimming ashore. Here, in one of the latter years of the Nineteenth century, the miserable men were forced to spend 103 days and nights suffering the extremest wretchedness of exposure and starvation. On the 104th day of their being cast away their distress signals were observed by a passing sealing vessel and the sorely tried sailors were taken off in safety, but in a distressing condition of weakness and emaciation. During their enforced stay on the island one of their number wandered into the bush and was never heard of again. It is supposed that suffering drove the man mad.

Collision Between Electric Cars.

PITTSBURG, July 7.—At 7:40 o'clock Tuesday morning car No. 1 on the Atwoods street electric road and car No. 61 on the Duquesne electric road collided at the Forbes avenue and Atwood street crossing. The cars crashed together at full speed. The Atwood street car was much the lighter, and with it seventeen passengers was knocked over twenty feet from the crossing and thrown upon its side. The Duquesne car was also derailed and damaged. Several persons were injured, John Haslett, it is thought, fatally.

Derided the Navy.

NAPLES, July 7.—A Liberal newspaper at Naples having ventured to deride the efficiency of the Italian navy, a party of a dozen naval officers invaded the office and attacked the whole force, editors and subordinates, with sabers. Two of the unfortunate newspaper men were seriously wounded, and three less severely hurt before the police appeared. The police were inclined to let the officers go scott free, but the crowd which had assembled angrily demanded their arrest, and they were finally taken into custody.

Mississippi Registration.

JACKSON, Miss., July 7.—Voters under the new constitution of Mississippi are required to register at least four months before the next election. The 3d inst. registration closed. Sufficient returns have been received to make it reasonably certain that for the first time since reconstruction a majority of the legal voters of the state are white. This was expected under the new constitution, which was "built that way."

Carpet Mill Destroyed by Fire.

PHILADELPHIA, July 7.—Fire Tuesday destroyed the large five-story carpet mill of E. R. Priestly, 1,310 Lawrence street, involving a loss of about $100,000, Messrs. Furoush & Co., who had machinery stored in the building, will lose at least $30,000. Priestley has an insurance of about $40,000 on building and contents.

Blaine To Be Well in Three Months.

BAR HARBOR, Me., July 7.—Mr. Blaine is very comfortable. He took a long drive Tuesday, greatly enjoying it. Dr. Tay[illegible], his physician, says he will be a well man in the course of two or three months. He was a much sicker man in New York than was generally known, and therefore his restoration to health is slow.

Claims To Be 113 Years Old.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 7.—There is a colored man here who claims to be 113 years old. His name is Cyrus Greenleaf. He is in possession of an old family Bible in which there is an entry stating that he was born Jan. 1, 1778. The old man is still in good health, and makes his living by doing odd chores.

Visitors to the President.

CAPE MAY, July 7.—Attorney General Miller arrived Tuesday as the guest of the president. Postmaster General Wanamaker also arrived at the cottage. Charles Emery Smith was at the cottage, and had an informal chat with the president yesterday.

COLLISION AND FIRE.

Frightful Railway Disaster at Ravenna, O.

NINETEEN PERSONS MEET DEATH.

A Passenger Train on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Road Crashed into by a Heavy Refrigerator Freight—The Wreck Takes Fire and Death Fairly Sweeps Through the Wrecked Train—How the Disaster Occurred.

RAVENNA, O., July 3.—Friday morning at 3 o'clock the express train on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio road was run into by a fast freight train and nineteen or twenty people were killed and their bodies burned by flames that soon broke out in the wreck. The cause of the terrible catastrophe is lucidly given. Two miles from Ravenna the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio and Cleveland and Pittsburg roads cross. When the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio express reached this crossing Friday morning it was delayed there for a considerable length of time. Behind the express and thundering along at a rapid rate was a refrigerator train, used to transport meat and accustomed to cover the distance it had to run at a speed little less than that of an ordinary passenger train. After the halt at the Cleveland and Pittsburg crossing was ended, the express hurried on to Ravenna and pulled up at the depot.

Crashed into the Passenger.

But the time the train was held at the Cleveland and Pittsburg road was sufficient to permit the meat train to come up, and hardly had the wheels of the express ceased to revolve when the engine of the freight crashed into the rear end of the express almost at full speed. The scene that ensued was terrible in the extreme. The engine plowed its way, pushed on by the weight and momentum of the heavy cars behind it, through the coaches as if they were made of thin boards. Above the horrible grinding and crunching of the cars could be heard the agonized shrieks of the maimed passengers, who but a few seconds before were sound asleep. There were two or three sleepers in the train and these were well filled. There was also a car of excursionists bound east. Many glassblowers from Findlay were on board the train going to New York state. A dozen people from Akron composed an excursion party on the ill-fated train.

Frightful Result of the Collision.

When the collision occurred those in the rear cars were either instantly killed, wounded or pinned down by the portions of the demolished cars. The latter could not escape unaided, and in the terrible fright and confusion that followed, and before the citizens of the town could reach the scene of the disaster, fire broke out in the wreck and spread with frightful rapidity. If the accident had been awful before it was now an unequalled horror. The flames rushed through the debris and the shrieks of the maimed or pinioned could be plainly heard on the night air. Forward of this the wounded and unharmed passengers were getting themselves out of the cars that were still intact. They at once did all they could to stay the flames and rescue the imperilled.

Corpses Horribly Burned.

But before this was done nineteen people were sacrificed, that many bodies being taken out afterward. Most of these mangled corpses were blackened and burned in a manner sickening to look upon, some of them being roasted into unrecognizable masses. As the work of taking out the bodies progressed the full extent of the calamity dawned upon the workers from the town and those of the passengers who had escaped alive. By daylight nineteen bodies had been carried out. Those wounded to a considerable extent numbered twenty-three. Many others were bruised and scratched; in fact, nearly everybody on the train was hurt to some extent. Of the Akron crowd none was killed. A number of Cincinnatians and several of the Findley people met death.

List of the Victims.

The following is the list of killed: Thomas Venhill, Davis Relitau, A. Gartrap, T. Huff, F. Burns, J. Demeen, J. Coyle, A. Harden, Lewis Kimball, W. Newcomb, D. Ryan, D. Cassidy, P. Nolan, all of Corning, N. Y.; W. Kane of Brooklyn, John Griffin of Boston, Thomas Colville and nurse girl, unknown. All but three of these were burned to a crisp. The following were injured but were sent on east: George Smith, leg broken; John Cadmean, hip, back and shoulders injured; H. C. DeGraff, head and neck injured; J. McGill, body squeezed; J. Keating, cut on head; Jonah Clark, cut on head; A. P. Jones, cut on head. The following are more seriously injured and remain at Ravenna: Tom Hanley, cut on face, head and shoulders; Joseph Morgan, burned on leg and back injured.

Destructive Fires in California.

MILTON, Cal., July 3.—During the last ten days over 10,000 acres of grain, feed and timber land have been burned within ten miles of this place. A large fire has been raging east of here since Tuesday, burning everything from Elkhorn station south toward Copperopolis. So far it has been impossible to check the flames. No opinion can be formed yet as to the damage likely to be caused by the conflagration. The heat for a few days past has exceeded that of any former years. The mercury registered 104 degrees Thursday and Friday it reached 112.

Poisoned at a Picnic.

FORT SMITH, Ark., July 6.—Sunday afternoon at a picnic party near Altico twelve persons were seriously poisoned by eating chickens, which it is supposed were poisoned. The following persons are in a critical condition: Dr. C. B. Cochran, M. F. Zeligler, Miss Lippert of Ozark and Miss Mitchell of Clarkesville. The condition of the other members of the party were somewhat easier Monday.

Bankers Close Their Doors.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., July 6.—Moses Bros., one of the largest and oldest banking houses in Montgomery, failed Monday morning. Liabilities are said to reach $500,000, with large assets, but which are not available. No creditors are preferred. Messrs. H. A. Sayre, S. M. Levin and B. B. Snodgess have been appointed trustees.

What's in a Name?

ATLANTA, July 6.—A negro named George Washington was hanged here Friday for the murder of Ben Oliver, another negro, in October last. He met his doom in the most unconcerned manner.

BARDSLEY SENTENCED.

Heavy Punishment Given to the Ex-City Treasurer.

PHILADELPHIA, July 2.—Ex-City Treasurer John Bardsley was brought up from the county prison into the new court house Thursday morning. The proceedings were conducted so quietly that only the court officers were aware that the distinguished prisoner would again be placed in the dock. Consequently there were only a few people in the courtroom at 10 o'clock. A court officer sat at the head of the stairs and denied admittance to everybody except those having business with the court. Bardsley was then conducted to a private room where he held a long consultation with Mr. Alexander, his counsel. Shortly after Judge Wilson entered and took his seat upon the bench.

Wanted It Over With.

The ex-treasurer was brought into the room, being seated near the head of the lawyers' table, at his counsel's side. At no time did the celebrated prisoner raise his head from his hands during the argument of his counsel. District Attorney Graham then rose, and addressing the court said that as it was the last of the court term he desired that the Bardsley case should be disposed of, and was unwilling that it should go over until fall.

The court then sentenced Bardsley to an imprisonment of fifteen years in the Eastern penitentiary. He was also sentenced to pay a fine equal to the amount of the embezzlement to which he had pleaded guilty.

LATEST REPORT FROM BLAINE.

Said to Be a Very Sick Man and Failing in Memory.

BAR HARBOR, Me., July 6.—Secretary Blaine was not as well Friday as Thursday. He has had no appetite, and is living wholly on milk. A party of intimate friends called Friday, but were refused an audience with Mr. Blaine. The family are making an attempt to conceal from the public his real condition, but the physicians who are in attendance say he is a very sick man. His driving out is a farce. He has to be lifted into the carriage, braced up with pillows while there, and helped out and into his room, where he immediately retires to his couch for rest. Rumor amongs his friends says that he cannot remember an event a week old. Great solicitude is expressed here as to his condition.

Hannibal Hamlin Dead.

BANGOR, Me., July 6.—Hannibal Hamlin is dead. While sitting in the rooms of the Tarratin club engaged in a game of pedro with a party of friends he was seized with what was at first thought to be a fainting fit. His head fell upon his breast, and in reply to an inquiry he said, huskily: "I am not well." A physician was called, but in spite of every effort Mr. Hamlin's strength ebbed fast and he soon lost consciousness. His family was summoned and a few minutes after they had reached his side the venerable statesman passed away. Heart disease was the cause ascribed by the physicians. This was aggravated by the advanced years of Mr. Hamlin. Mr. Hamlin, however, despite his age, had been in excellent health this this season, and his death therefore came as a sad surprise to all his friends and the residents of Bangor.

Formed a Corporation.

NEW YORK, July 3.—The five leading companies engaged in the manufacture of asbestos have followed the modern commercial tendency of consolidation and have formed a corporation which will control much of the output in their line of business. The new corporation will be called the H. W. Johns Manufacturing company. The capital stock has been fixed at $1,250,000, and none of this is on the market, as the original companies have taken it all. The officers of the new company promise to give their customers the benefit of the economy which will result from the combination.

Looks Like Foul Play.

MT. CARMEL, Pa., July 3.—Mrs. Perry Knorr, agent of a corset manufacturing company of Chicago, disappeared from her home several days ago and it is thought she has met with foul play. An order book belonging to her has been found on the road to Ashland, and the ground in the vicinity where it was picked up bears evidence of a struggle. It is believed that she was assaulted and murdered by tramps and her body thrown down one of the deep mine breaches.

Harrison at His Seaside Cottage.

CAPE MAY, N. J., July 6.—President Harrison arrived at 3:30 yesterday afternoon on a special flyer from Washington. With him were Lieutenant John F. Parker, U. S. N.; George W. Boyd and Stenographer Miss Sanger. The party were met at the station by Mrs. Harrison, who entered the president's private car and together they disembarked at Shoreham station, near White cottage, finishing the journey on foot. Russell Harrison arrived by a later train and went to Point cottage.

The Place Columbus Landed.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Dispatches received from the Chicago Herald's expedition in search of the landing place on this continent of Christopher Columbus announce that the spot has been found and marked by an appropriate and enduring memorial. This spot is Watling's island, Bahamas. The memorial is a stone monument in which were deposited copies of a number of American newspapers and portraits of eminent editors.

Cadets-at-Large Appointed.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—The president yesterday made the following appointments of cadets-at-large for admission to the United States Military academy in June, 1892: William Sherman Fitch, grandson of the late General W. T. Sherman; Martin McMahon Ramsey, son of Commodore Ramsey, of the navy; Stuart T. Smith, son of General William T. "Baldy" Smith, and John P. Wade, son of Colonel Wade, of the Fifth cavalry.

Fatal Accident at a Crossing.

CHICAGO, July 6.—One man was killed and six injured—two probably fatally—in a railroad crossing accident at Madison and Rockwell streets shortly after 2 o'clock Saturday morning. The killed: Unknown man, crushed on head and shoulder and injured internally. The injured: Patrick Wagner, F. R. Witt, F. Becker, Wallace Boade; H. Lockman, injuries probably fatal; Patrick Martin, injuries probably fatal.

Wedding Party Poisoned.

LONDON, July 6.—A wedding party at Wrexham was prostrated by illness resembling arsenical poisoning, and a fatal result is feared in several cases. The cause of the trouble has not been traced.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

White Oak mine No. 2 at Marissa, Ills., operated by the Consolidated Oil company, caved in Sunday. No lives were lost. The loss is about $25,000.

Lee Hepburn, 10 years old, living near Wichita, Kan., was killed by a pitchfork thrown carelessly to the ground from the stack under the shade of which the boy was sitting. The tines pierced his skull.

Jack Reed, one of Iowa's most notorious crooks, died at the poorhouse at Eldora and was buried in the potter's field Sunday.

Allen W. Swan is traveling from New Bedford, Mass., to California on a bicycle. He is due in San Francisco Sept. 16, and one week later he is to marry an heiress.

Cries of murder brought a large crowd and several policemen to a neighborhood in Reading, Pa., last week, when it was discovered that the only cause for the alarm was the fright of a little girl at seeing a mouse.

San Francisco has 4,500 saloons or places where liquor is sold at retail. If the population of the city is 330,000, there is one saloon to every three persons. If the voting population is 50,000, there is a saloon for every 13⅓ votes.

San Francisco was shaken by a slight earthquake shock Sunday, but no harm was done.

Slavin, who has arrived at Queenstown, says that he will do his utmost to bring a fight between himself and Sullivan, for any amount and anywhere. He will then retire from the ring satisfied.

Governor Boies of Iowa has issued a proclamation appealing for aid for the sufferers by the late flood at Cherokee and other towns in the vicinity.

A Chinese lodging house in San Francisco burned Monday. The charred remains of one Chinese woman were found. Five others are believed to have perished.

A gang of confidence men at Lathrop, Mo., induced Stephen Trice, a farmer, to draw $3,400 from the bank, and then chloroformed him on the highway and robbed him of his money, team, and buggy.

The Chicago and Alton has reduced the fare between Chicago and Kansas City from $12.50 to $6.

Frank Evans has been arrested at Blooming, Ia., for cattle stealing.

Mrs. Adam Hewitson of Emporia, Kan., woke up at night and found burglars in her house. She emptied the contents of a revolver at them, but they escaped.

The "Peter's Pence" are a failure in Rome, and are much below the average in the Italian provinces.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Joseph Staats, who died suddenly at Elkhart, Ind., a few days ago, has decided that death was caused by excessive use of intoxicants.

Berlin's society for the homeless last year provided shelter for 100,000 men and 15,000 women. In the eleven years of its existence it has furnished lodgings, food and medical care to 2,200,000 persons.

The origin of the word "baccarat" is greatly troubling the etymologists. They cannot discover its root or its stems, and in the most lately published English dictionary it is frankly put down as of unknown derivation.

Walter A. Freeman, wanted at Forrest, Tex., for inciting a riot in which seven men were killed, was arrested near Louisville.

It is rumored that Secretary Rusk is about to appoint Professor Harrington of the University of Michigan, chief of the United States signal service.

The visible supply of wheat Saturday, as estimated by the New York Produce exchange, was 13,499,386 bushels, a decrease of 1,057,831 bushels, and of corn 3,851,051 bushels, a decrease of 467,342 bushels.

Leffingwell Bros., wholesale cigar and tobacco dealers of Clinton, Iowa, have failed. Liabilities, $40,000, and assets of about equal value.

Lightning struck a wire fence near Mason City, Ia., on Sunday, and ten head of blooded cattle and two horses were killed.

At Stoop's Ferry, near Pittsburg, Joe Costello deliberately drowned an Italian boy. Costello was arrested.

Thomas Blakely and Frank Sutton of Champaign, Ills., were held in $1,000 to await the action of the grand jury for assaulting Nellie Huhn, 15 years old.

Two factions of New Orleans 'longshoremen engaged in a fight in which ten shots were exchanged. Nobody was seriously hurt.

Tommy Ward, a jockey, was dangerously hurt in the second race at the Kansas City track by his mount, Virginia, falling on him.

Oliver H. Hallam of Nashville, Ills., has been appoint assistant chief clerk of the pension office, vice Green B. Raum, Jr., resigned.

The emperor of Russia has signified his acceptance of the president's invitation to the international fair.

At Waukesha, Wis., Judge Sloan sentenced John Bernhardt to the state's prison for life for the murder of Henry Schley.

Lady Macdonald, wife of the late Canadian premier, has been raised to the peerage, her title being Countess of Earnscliffe.

E. G. Bramble, of Decatur, Ills., is being sued by Peter Mitchell, a negro, to whom he refused to sell soda water.

Mrs. Staats, the woman who died in the gutter at Elkhart, Ind., a few days since, has been identified as a Miss Nora Lewis, of New Berlin, N. J. She ran away with a married man and drank herself to death.

Frank Arbick fell on the railroad track near Ashland, Wis., in a drunken stupper and was run over and killed by a train.

Thomas Stow, who has a wife and four children living in Decatur, Ills., was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Mrs. Mattie Wallace, a Springfield widow, who lent him $500 on a promise of marriage.

Cato Sells, a prominent citizen of Iowa, and Miss Lola A. McDaniel were married at Vinton.

McBride Bros., tea merchants of New York City, have made an assignment. Liabilities, $311,531; assets, $188,849.

Mark W. Harrington, a professor in the University of Michigan, has been appointed chief of the government weather bureau.

All the mills at St. John, N. B., closed owing to the demand of the lumber workmen for nine hours instead of ten.

A large tract of land near Marlboro, Conn., has been sold to the Hirsch fund trustees, who will establish charitable institutions at once upon it.

The 'longshoremen of Chicago organized a union Friday night at Seaman's hall and they will prosecute the strike vigorously. This will complicate the matter, as other unions will take action in their support.

The Southern Passenger association has made the rate of one fare for the round trip to the national G. A. R. encampment at Detroit, Aug. 2 10 inclusive.

A Pennsylvania girl keeps six rattlesnakes as pets.

The custom of tipping servants is reported to be dying out in England.

Women are employed as hodcarriers in Austria and get 20 cents per day for it.

The product of gold in the United States the last sixteen years has aggregated the enormous output of $572,900,000.

The hailstones which recently fell at Arkansas City were about the shape of a common soda biscuit and nearly as big.

Chauncey M. Depew spoke at Roseland park, Woodstock, Conn., at the Fourth of July celebration.

A Louisville judge has decided that $2,700, collected for the sufferers of Jewett lodge, Knights and Ladies of Honor, by the cyclone last year, must be paid to the members for whom collected. The chief officer of the order declined to pay the money on the ground that it was not needed.

A boat containing twelve laborers was capsized on the Weser, in Germany, in a squall during a storm, and eight of the occupants were drowned.

A section of the 'busmen in Berlin have struck for higher wages and shorter hours of labor. The movement threatens to become general.

The treasury Thursday purchased 570,000 ounces of silver at $1.01 to $1.02 per ounce.

Bank Examiner Drew, of Philadelphia, on account of his connection with the Keystone bank affair, has been informed that his services are no longer required by the government.

Liabilities of Emile Marqueze & Co., wholesale boot and shoe dealers of New Orleans, who failed recently, are said to be $571,306, and the assets $521,760.

Exports of specie from the port of New York for the week were $2,839,005, of which $2,822,700 was gold, and $16,305 was silver.

F. P. Steubenroch, charged with having embezzling $18,000 from the Rock Island road while acting as its cashier, was acquitted Friday at Peoria, Ills.

Jockey Ward, who was hurt by his mount falling on him at Kansas City Monday, died Thursday night.

Maggie Sheffer and Ellen Thompson each want $15,000 from Willoughby, Hill & Co., of Chicago, for an alleged poor oyster stew they ate at the Boston Oyster house.

William Stansky and wife, of Chicago, recently married, were arrested on a charge of burglary, and are spending their honeymoon in jail.

The carpenters and bosses of Chicago have been warned against doing work other than that required in their trade. They have been helping in putting up architectural and structural iron.

It is generally believed that the extension of the 4½ per cents for 2 per cent. will result in an increase of bank circulation of fifteen or twenty millions.

Round-trip rates between St. Louis and Kansas City were reduced to $10 Friday by the Missouri Pacific and Wabash railways to meet the cut recently made by the Alton railway.

Jesse Paulus was killed by lightning at Bourbon, Ind., Thursday night.

On Friday, at Nashville, Tenn., $8,000 worth of diamonds was stolen from the jewelry store of F. Wiggers.

United States authorities raided the Fraternity of Financial Co-operation, a swindling concern at Wheeling, W. Va., Friday, too late, however, to capture the chief officers. This and similar concerns in three months took in over $1,000,000.

Several vessels are reported to have sailed from British Columbia for Behring sea for the purpose of catching seals. The British man-of-war Nymph is pursuing them.

At Peoria, Ill., Friday, Bert Atwater pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzling $7,000 from the American Glucose company, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

At Tiffin, O., Marvin Kuhn was found guilty of murder in the second degree, the punishment for which is imprisonment for life.

While a ferryman named Mickey was rowing a party of eight across the Monongahela river at Braddock, Pa., the boat was upset and Mickey and two unknown men were drowned. The party was attending a picnic, and several of the men were intoxicated.

James Hay and wife of Clifton county, Tenn., were arrested at Pearsol, Tex., charged with having killed their little girl, aged 1 year. The man and woman are well educated, dress well, and appear to have plenty of money. There is no ascribable motive for the crime.

The 9-year-old son of John Devore, a farmer living near Wylie's Cove, Ark., was gathering huckleberries in the mountains, when he stepped on a large rattlesnake. The boy was bitten twice on his bare foot. He was carried home and whisky freely administered, but the poison spread through his system and proved fatal.

A man supposed to be J. R. Kirwin of Detroit, was drowned at Wichita, Kan.

Alexander Anderson of San Francisco was killed by his brother Herman in a quarrel.

Rider Haggard will pitch his next story in Zululand, and call it "Nada the Lily."

The movement begun recently to raise a fund of $20,000 of which General N. P. Banks is to have the income during his lifetime, and he fund then revert to the subscribers, has not been as successful as was expected. Thus far only about $5,000 has been subscribed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 89 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JULY 11, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATER.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"The Soudan."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Comedians.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halsted street near Madison.—"Way of the World."

AMPHITHEATRE.
Cottage Grove avenue and Sixty-first street.—Pain's great spectacle, "A Night in Pekin"; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE CARLOW SURRENDER.

Andrew J. Kettle, Mr. Parnell's candidate for the Carlow district, was defeated on Tuesday by a decisive majority. The cable dispatch in regard to the event says: "The result of the election mas as follows: Hammond, the McCarthyite candidate, 3,755; Kettle, Parnellite, 1,539; majority against Mr. Kettle, 2,216. Carlow is the smallest county in Ireland and contains a population of about 45,000 people and an electorate of about 7,000, of whom 1,000 are Conservatives. Mr. Andrew Kettle, the defeated Parnellite candidate, is a farmer of Dublin county, who has been already twice defeated at the polls. Mr. Hammond, the victorious McCarthyite candidate, is a popular merchant of Carlow, where for twelve years he has held the position of chairman of the town commissioners."

THE CITIZEN has held from the first that Mr. Parnell committed a tactical error in contesting by-elections where nearly the whole weight of the clerical influence, both inside and outside the constituencies, can be cast against him. He ought to have waited for the general election, as two or three McCarthyites, more or less, against him would make no difference in the result of his policy of independent opposition. The McCarthyite members would be compelled to follow his leadership in any case, because, outside of Mr. Sexton, he appears to be the only Irish member now out of jail, who knows how to manipulate the British parliament to Ireland's advantage. Still, Mr. Parnell may have good reason for making his by-election fights, and he always succeeds in getting together a respectable minority vote. The real Irish Nationalists are with him in Ireland, as they are here, but it cannot be denied that the defeat in Carlow renders it probable that no more such battles will be fought by Mr. Parnell and his followers. If, as his enemies assert, Parnell should consider the Carlow repulse a good reason for temporary retirement from the Irish parliamentary leadership, the very men who now seek to retire him will be among the first to miss his guidance and call him back to power. As Napoleon once said to the French, so Parnell may now say to the Irish—"You have more need of me than I have of you."

The result of the Carlow election is nothing for Irishmen to rejoice over. It means the present triumph of hierarchical influence in Irish politics, and conclusively proves that a majority of the Irish voters have not yet emancipated themselves from the slavish traditions of darker and more illiterate times. Their action in three Irish constituencies, since Mr. Parnell first came under the ban of the bishops, has destroyed the fabric of independent opposition to English parties, and has placed Ireland under the rule of a body of gentlemen who very much prefer "installments of justice," local government boards, and Catholic universities to Irish legislative independence. The English Whigs, always rotten to the core, where Ireland is concerned, will take advantage of the situation to abjure the principle of Home Rule in all its forms. The hereditary enemy will exceedingly rejoice over the situation. The Irish constituencies appealed to in the crisis have proven recreant to the proud traditions of their country, and have surrendered their necks to the merciless yoke of English dictation. "Woe to the vanquished!" In this case the conquered are the victors. It is one of the cases in which victory is sadder than defeat.

Through the gloom and shame of the miserable conflict in Carlow, the intrepid conduct of the Rev. Canon Bernard O'Neill stands out in bold and proud relief. He acted like a citizen and an Irishman, and instructed the people to obey their consciences without being influenced by his brother priests. It is conduct worthy of an O'Neill. From the dawn of Ireland's history to the day when Neale O'Neill died for his country at the Bridge of Slane, and, later still, to the day of Ridgeway, in June, 1866, the O'Neills, as a body, have been chevaliers without fear and without reproach, and among all the brave deeds of the long line of warriors furnished by that illustrious race of Hy Niall, Con of the Hundred Battles, Niall of the Hostages, Donald, King of Ulster, Shane the Proud, Princely Hugh, Phelim Roe, Owen Roe, Felix and Gordon O'Neill, no braver deed was done than the gallant championship of a desperate cause by Canon O'Neill, of Carlow. "Pity there are so few heirs of his company." God bless him! Even in the shadow of defeat, his priestly berretta glitters more gloriously than the crozier of Cashel or the mitre of Dublin.

POPE LEO AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

The English people have long been boasting of the "graciousness" of their gillie loving old queen. She has been described as a model of courtesy and all that sort of thing. On the completion of the fiftieth year of her reign, Pope Leo wrote her a very cordial letter of congratulation, in which he addressed her as "Your Majesty," and gave her credit for many good qualities which her Irish and Catholic subjects, at least, have never been able to discover. In concluding his letter, Pope Leo said: "For our part, as chief of the Catholic church, which counts so many faithful among the subjects of your Majesty, and knowing the full and entire liberty which, in your clear seeing justice, you assure to the exercise of their religion, we are unable to abstain from being represented at these rejoicings, and from renewing to your Majesty the testimony of the sentiments of gratitude and high esteem which, at the time of our nunciature at Brussels, we had the opportunity of personally expressing to you. We have therefore chosen Prince Ruffo Scilla, future apostolic nuncio at the court of Bavaria, to place this letter in your Majesty's hands, in which we offer to you our most sincere congratulations, while at the same time we earnestly pray the Lord that he may deign to prolong to the furthest limit your Majesty's days, for the great good of your people and for the joy and consolation of all the royal family. To this prayer we add the most sincere wishes that *it may please God to draw nearer and nearer together the relations of mutual good will which unite the Holy See and the powerful and glorious British Empire*, and which will ever be a fruitful source of the greatest and most precious advantages to both powers."

Irish Catholics, who remember that their country has lost half her population—mostly Catholic—since 1845, will be deeply touched by the Pope's keen appreciation of the virtues of the head of the government that starved or expatriated their kindred and co-religionists. It will be observed that his Holiness speaks of the Vatican as a Power, meaning that of England and Empress of India took good care not to address the head of the Catholic church as "Sovereign Pontiff," a title that belongs to him of right, and which belonged to his predecessors for, about a thousand years before Victoria's remote progenitor, William of Normandy, sometimes called William the Bastard, wrested the throne of England from the Saxons. Following is her reply to Leo XIII's congratulatory epistle:

Most Eminent Sir: I have received from the hands of the Prince Ruffo Scilla, your Holiness' special envoy extraordinary, the letter which your Holiness addressed to me on the 10th ult., and in which you convey to me your congratulations on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of my accession to the throne. I request your Holiness to accept my best thanks for the friendly sentiments and felicitations conveyed in your letter, which have caused me the most sincere gratification. I have also derived additional pleasure from the choice which your Holiness made of so distinguished a prelate to be the bearer of your congratulations. I thank you at the same time for the beautiful specimen of artistic manufacture which your Holiness has been pleased to present to me on this occasion; and I am happy in having this opportunity of assuring your Holiness of my sincere friendship, and of the unfeigned respect and esteem which I entertain for your person and character.

Given at our Court at Windsor Castle, etc.
VICTORIA R.I.

Notwithstanding the cordial expressions contained in Victoria's letter, the "Most Eminent Sir," gives the Pope plainly to understand that England does not rank him among reigning sovereigns. Indeed, how could she? Queen Victoria's government and Queen Victoria's British subjects gave all the "moral" aid in their power to Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, *et al*, in 1859-60, when the then reigning Pope, Pius IX, whatever may be the merits or demerits of the temporal power question, was barefacedly and outrageously robbed of nearly all that he possessed as a monarch. Not only that, but an English Legion, well armed and equipped, joined Garibaldi and aided him mightily in pulling down the papal power. Per contra, "the poor, faithful, foolish Irish," as their good friend John Mitchel was forced to call them, formed a brigade, and fought for the Pope while his flag remained flying. Most of the Irish papal brigade survived but to die fighting for the Union—

Hundreds sleep in Virginia swamps
And hundreds in Maryland clay,
And other hundreds, less happy,
Drag their shattered limbs around
And envy the deep, long blessed sleep
Of the battlefield's holy ground.

In reply to the "Most Eminent Sir" letter, which was presented to him by the Duke of Norfolk, the Cawtholic high-cock-a-lorum of the British aristocracy, his Holiness addressed the following communication to the "Guidwife" of Balmoral:

To the Most Serene and Most Powerful Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and other regions, Illustrious Empress of India:

Most serene and most powerful Queen and Empress, greeting! The most noble act of courtesy with which your royal and imperial majesty has honored us at the close of the fiftieth year of our ministry in the priesthood, possesses all the qualities which should render it to us most gratifying.

For the distinguished kindness and regard of your majesty towards us are most signally displayed in the letter, full of courtesy, which we have received; they are displayed in the choice of the noble person of our beloved son, the illustrious and honorable Duke of Norfolk, to discharge the office of your envoy to us; they are displayed also in the magnificent gift which you have presented to us, and which will remain in our palace as a lasting memento of your kindness.

For all these reasons we rejoice to assure your majesty in this our letter of our most lively sense of gratitude, which the illustrious envoy of you majesty will more fully declare to you. For we have earnestly charged him to be the messenger and interpreter in his own words, and in your presence, of our esteem and mutual regard for your majesty.

The cordial good will which your majesty has expressed in your letter to us is valued by us most highly, and we assure you that to us it is, and ever will be, most gratifying.

It only remains for us to implore the King of Kings to grant to your majesty, who, with the assistance of most able and distinguished men, wields the sceptre of a mighty kingdom and empire, all those gifts which may cause the lasting glory of your name to grow greater day by day.

And while this is our fervent prayer, we also earnestly entreat the Divine Mercy to prosper and bless your royal and imperial majesty and all your august House, and to unite you with us in perfect charity.

Given at St. Peter's Rome, etc.
LEO P. P. XIII.

From all this friendly correspondence it will be seen that the court of St. James and the Vatican are probably closer together than they have been at any time since James II. fled from London on hearing of the landing of his nephew and son-in-law, William of Orange, at Torbay. The Pope, it will be observed, mildly snubs the queen by using the royal plural "us" in speaking of himself. This state of affairs is very useful to England. She keeps the Pope on her side, and, meanwhile, is driving his Catholic children out of Ireland at the rate of 450,000 a decade. At this rate, within forty years, one or two bishops will be all sufficient to attend to the spiritual wants of what may be left of the Catholics in the Emerald Isle. But, of course, it will be all for the glory of the British Empire, for which his holiness so earnestly prays. In speaking of the Queen's "august House"—the House of Hanover—it is but fair to presume that the Pope forgot all about the Mordaunt case, and the Prince of Wales' connection therewith. The connection reminds us of the French sergeant of the "Old Guard," who, on entering Vienna, for the first time, in 1805, and viewing the imperial palace of the Hapsburgs, said, "So this is that d—d old 'House of Austria' of which the Emperor has so often spoken! Why, I'd rather be billeted at a tavern!" It is only just to add, that, when the letters quoted were written, neither the Lady Brooke nor the baccarat scandal had yet materialized.

VOLUME OF IMMIGRATION.

An exchange in dealing with the question of immigration to the United States says:

"The immigration into the United States from 1820 to 1890 is the subject of a special report which has been prepared by Major Frick, the chief of the bureau of statistics of the treasury department, and will soon be published. No official record was made of the influx of foreign population to this country before 1820, but the immigration from the close of the revolutionary war to that time is estimated at 225,000. The arrival of immigrants from 1821 to 1890 have reached 15,641,688. The proportion of arrivals from Europe has increased from 68 89 per cent. of the whole immigration in the decade from 1831 to 1830 to 91 67 per cent. in the last decade from 1881 to 1890. The following figures give the arrivals of each nationality during the entire period from 1820 to 1890.

"Germany, 4,551,710; Ireland, 3,501,684; England, 2,460,034; British North American possessions, 1,029,083; Norway and Sweden, 943,330; Austria-Hungary, 464,435; Italy, 414,513; France, 370,162; Poland, 356,353; Scotland, 329 192; China, 393,578; Switzerland, 174,333; Denmark, 146,237; all other countries, 606,006.

"The only leading countries from which arrivals have fallen off during the past ten years are France and China. The year of the largest immigration yet reported was that ended June 30, 1882, when the arrivals were 788,992. The immigration from Italy to the United States was 12,401 for the fiscal year of 18 and has steadily increased until 1890 when it was 52,003, and the present year ending June 30, 1891, when the total for ten months has reached 51,153, as against 34 310 for the corresponding months of 1890. The immigration from Hungary, Russia and Poland always shows a rapid increase.

"Of the arrivals during the ten years from 1881 to 1890, 3 205 211, or 61 1 per cent., were males, and 2 040,702, or 38 9 per cent., females. The greatest proportion of females has come from Ireland. The smallest percentage of females has come from Italy and Hungary.

"The classification of the character of the immigration during the past decade shows that only 26 257 males were of the professional classes, 514,552 were skilled laborers, 1 833 825 were of miscellaneous occupations, 75,825 made no statement in regard to occupation, and 759 459 were without occupation. Of the 2 030 702 females, 1,724,454 were without occupation."

THE CITIZEN desires to call attention to the fact that a very large percentage of the 2 460,034 immigrants credited to England; the 1 029,683 credited to British North America, and the 329,192 to Scotland are of immediate Irish descent, and mostly profess the Catholic religion. They are, to all intents and purposes, as Irish as the Irish born in Ireland, and, as American citizens, are thoroughly loyal to the laws and institutions of the republic. In fact, we might go further and say that very many of the immigrants credited to Great Britain were born on Irish soil, but left their native country at such tender age that they failed to properly describe themselves. Others, again, mostly from the "Plantation" districts of Ulster, through a culpable spirit of slavishness, classed themselves as British when they were really Irish, but it is better to be rid of such soulless persons. Ireland has a heavy enough load to bear without burdening herself with renegades.

GOOD FOR THE "SONS OF VETERANS."

A considerable storm was raised in this city recently by the attempt of the Know nothing-Orange organization—under various names—to entrap the Sons of Veterans into some participation in their exercises at Lake Bluff on the Fourth. The Sons of Veterans are an entirely non-sectarian association, like their progenitors, the Grand Army of the Republic, and were naturally indignant at the conspiracy—for it really amounted to that—entered into by the banded bigots of this city with the object of bringing them into ridicule and contempt before the public. Twenty camps of the Sons of Veterans met at the Grand Pacific hotel last week and protested against the use of the name of their organization in connection with the Lake Bluff proceedings. Among the officers of the Sons of Veterans who vehemently protested against the proposed outrage were Col. A. L. Guilford and Capt. John C. Hasson. President C. D. Marsh, head of the officers of the Sons of Veterans in this district, declared that the Sons of Veterans were entirely non-sectarian and non-political, and any attempt to make them otherwise would be properly resented. It was properly resented, because the Sons of Veterans, very sensibly, organized a celebration of their own for the National Day, and had a most successful one at Benton Harbor, Mich., where they were separated by the width of Lake Michigan from the persons who desecrated, for the most part, the sentiment of "liberty, equality and fraternity" at Lake Bluff.

THE LIBERTY-LOVING "ANGLO-SAXON."

Recent accounts from Europe leave but little room to doubt that England has joined Germany, Austria and Italy against the French Republic. The German emperor's visit to England is evidently intended to show France and Russia that the triple alliance has grown to a quadruple alliance. Here are four nations, among whom there is hardly love or mutual interest, banding together—for what? To crush out republicanism in Europe. It is not against France as a great military power, or against France as a nation, but simply against France as a republic that this great quadruple alliance is formed. This fact is so plain that it hardly requires explanation. Of the four powers forming the alliance against France, three of them have been enemies of one another for centuries. Germany has heretofore been the most bitter enemy of Austria; and Italy has been, almost from the time of the dissolution of the Roman Empire, the avowed enemy of both Germany and Austria. Until quite lately, the hated "Teuton," whether German or Austrian, had no one but an enemy south of the Alps. All is now changed. The hatred of republicanism has proved itself far stronger among the majority of European monarchies, than their national hatred for one another that was born of long centuries of warfare and wrongs. Russia being not only outside of, but opposed to, the quadruple alliance, is a mere accident. She saw herself isolated, and was forced by circumstances to take sides with France, and it is more than likely that she will prove false to France when the hour of trial comes, for she, like Germany, Austria and England, is a natural enemy of a republican form of government.

The patent fact, then, is that there is a determination among the monarchic powers of Europe to stamp out republicanism from its soil. It is the most egregious folley to say that the quadruple alliance owes its existence to the fear of French aggression. There was only one of the powers which form the quadruple alliance that had anything to fear from France, and that power was Germany. Neither Austria, Italy, nor England would have suffered the least loss if France were to win back Alsace and Lorraine; but Germany, in spite of being hated by Austria and Italy, was easily able to persuade them to join her in an alliance against the French Republic. It is now acknowledged that England has joined the alliance against France, and, perhaps, against Russia; and America, if she is not blind, may see what is in store for her when European despotisms shall have stamped out republicanism in France; her turn may then come.

THE CITIZEN has more than once pointed out the probability of the French Republic being crushed out, and of France being utterly ruined by a coalition against her, simply because she is a republic; and since England has joined the alliance against her, the thing now seems in a fair way to be accomplished; and our most mean, most cowardly and most thoroughly English-toadying snobs have not the manhood or the honesty to utter a word of warning. They prate about "Anglo-Saxonism," and utter unbearable rubbish about the destinies of that mythical race; and now when the great head-centre of supposed Anglo-Saxonism has become one of the tyrannical powers that is pledged to stamp out liberty from the soil of Europe, they have not a word of condemnation for that monstrous crime!

What has France done since she became a republic, that such pains should be taken to crush her? She has done nothing but to mind her own business. She has neither offended her neighbors nor quarrelled with them. She has committed but one sin in the eyes of the despotic nations by whom she is surrounded,—she has chosen to be a republic instead of a monarchy.

Americans and the American press should remember that their so called "Anglo Saxon" cousins in England have joined the league to crush out republicanism in France, and, after that is done, they will probably try their hands at crushing it out in this country. Americans should also remember that the "Anglo Saxon" cant of their snobs has already heartily disgusted some twenty five or thirty millions of American citizens, who, if the hour of trouble came, and if the "Anglo Saxon" cant continues, might feel inclined, only for their intense loyalty to the government, to stand idly by and let "Anglo-Saxon" Americans and "Anglo-Saxon" Englishmen fight it out between themselves.

R.

MR. FAWCETT ON AMERICAN SNOBS.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett is, we believe, an Englishman by birth. He is, in any case, a man of erudition, and was well known in connection with the Chicago daily press for many years. He is now a regular contributor to the American and British magazines, and in the current number of the *Arena*, published in Boston, has a racy and trenchant article on "Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York." Many Chicagoans, who flatter themselves that this city is free from snobs and plutocrats, of the offensive type, will read the following excerpt from Mr. Fawcett's able paper with exceeding interest:

New York society is a blending of the ludicrous and pathetic. The really charming women have two terrible faults, one which their fathers, husbands, and brothers have taught them, and one which they have apparently contracted without extraneous aid. The first is their worship of wealth, their devout genuflection before it as the sole choicest gift which fate can bestow, and the second is their merciless and metallic snobbery. They have made a god of caste, and in a country where, of all other cults, that of caste is the most preposterous. The men (the real grown-up men, who may hate the big balls, but are nevertheless a great deal in the movement as regards other gay pastimes) watch them with quiet approbation. Many a New York husband is quite willing that his wife shall cut her own grandmother if that relative be not "desirable." The men have not time to press their social plumes quite so strenuously; they are too busy in money-getting, and of a sort which nearly always concerns the hazard of the Wall street die. And yet quite a number of the men are arrant snobs, refusing to associate with, often even to notice, others whose dollars count fewer than their own. This form of plutocratic self-adulation is relatively modern. It is called by some people a very inferior state of things to that which existed in "the good old Knickerbocker days." But the truth is, odious though the millionaire's ascendancy may be at present, that of the Knickerbocker was once hardly less so. Vulgar, brassy, and intolerable the "I'm-better-than-you" strut and swagger of plutocracy surely is; but in the smug, pert provincialism of those former New York autocrats who defined as "family" their descent of two or three generations from raw Dutch immigrants, there was very little comfort indeed. The present writer has seen something of this element; in the decade from 1865 to 1875 it was still extremely active. Society was then governed by the Knickerbocker, as it is now governed by the plutocrat, and in either instance the rule has been wholly deplorable. Indeed, for one cogent reason, if no other, poor New York stands today as the least fortunate of all great cities. Her society, from the time she ceased to admit herself a village up to the date at which these lines are written, has never been even faintly worthy of the name. A few years ago the "old residents," with their ridiculous claims to pedigree, had everything their own way. A New York drawing-room was, in those days, parochial as a Boston or Philadelphia tea-party. There were modish metropolitan details, it is true, but the petty reign of the immigrant Hollanders' descendants would have put to shame the laborious freaks and foibles of a tiny German principality. Now, having changed all that, and having forced the Knickerbockers from their old places of vantage, the plutocrats reign supreme. To a mind capable of being saddened by human materialism, pretension, braggadocio, it is all very much the same sort of affair. Our republic should be ashamed of an aristocracy founded on either money or birth, and that thousands of its citizens are not only unashamed of such systems, but really glory in them, is merely another proof of how this country has broken almost every democratic promise which she once made to the Old World.

It is easy to sneer away statements like these. It is easy to laugh them off as "mere pessimism," and to talk of persons with "green spectacles" and "disordered livers." We have learned to know the glad ring of the optimist's patriotic voice. If we all believed this voice, we should all believe that America is the ideal polity of the world. And one never so keenly realizes that this is not true as when he watches the creeds and character of society in New York. Of Londoners we are apt to assert that they grovel obsequiously before the prince, with his attendant throng of dukes, earls, and minor gentlemen. This may be fact, but it is very far from being the whole fact. In London there is a large class of ladies and gentlemen who form a localized and centralized body, and whose assemblages are haunts of intelligence, refinement, and good taste. In a certain sense these are "mixed," but all noteworthy gatherings must be that, and the "smart" and "swagger" sets of every great European city are nowadays but a small, even a contemptible factor in its festivities.

Not long ago the present writer inquired of a well known Englishman whether people of literary and artistic note were not always bidden to large and important London receptions. "In nearly all cases, yes," he replied. "It has been the aim of my sister to invite, on such occasions, authors, artists, and actors of talent and distinction. They come and are welcomed when they come." He did not mention the name of his sister, knowing, doubtless, that I knew it. She was an English duchess, magnificently housed in London, a beauty, and a star of fashion.

But our New York brummagem "duchesses" of yesterday are less liberal in their condescensions. An attractive New York woman once said to me: "I told a man the other day that I was tired of meeting him incessantly at dinner, and that we met each other so often in this way as to make conversation a bore." Could any remark have more pungently expressed the unhappy narrowness of New York reunions? How many times has the dainty Mr. Amsterdam or Mrs. Manhattan ever met men and women of literary or artistic gifts at a fashionable dinner in Fifth or Madison avenue? How many times has he or she met any such person at a "patriarch's ball" or an "assembly?" Has he or she *ever* met an actor of note *anywhere*, except in two or three exceptional instances? True, men and women of intellectual fame shrink from contact with our noble Four Hundred. But that they should so shrink is in itself a scorching comment. They encounter patronage at such places, and getting patronage from one's inferiors can never be a pleasant mode of passing one's time. That delicate homage which is the due of mental merit they scarcely ever receive. Now and then you hear of a portrait painter, who has made himself the rage of the town, being asked to dine and to sup. But he is seldom really held to be *des nôtres*, as the haughty elect ones would phrase it, and his popularity, based upon insolent patronage, often quickly crumbles. The solid devotion is all saved for the solid millionaires. Frederick the Great, if I recall rightly, said that an army was like a snake, and moved on its stomach. Of New York society this might also be asserted, though with a meaning much more luxurious. To be a great leader is to be a great feeder. You must dispense terrapin, and canvas-back ducks, and rare brands of champagne in lordly dining halls, or your place is certain to be secondary.

Mr. Fawcett, of course, could never have been furnished with such racy material for a magazine article if he had continued to be a resident of Chicago. We have no snobs here—no plutocrats! We are a hail-fellow well met, good natured, easy going, casteless community, who respect wit, worth and virtue, and despise wealth, "style" and snobbery! Oh, Mr. Fawcett's knowledge of the world—his study of mankind—has been greatly enlarged by residence in New York, whither all our snobs and plutocrats, if we ever had any, must have migrated. No man in Chicago is prouder than another because he may have a few million more dollars, and no Chicago woman looks down upon her poorer sister because her throat is not gorgeous with the exuberant flashings of a diamond necklace! Happy Chicago!

THE press of New York State and city unanimously, and very properly, disregarded the law which absurdly sought to compel the papers to suppress all reports of the four executions by electricity at Sing Sing penitentiary. The New York press did right. Both the National and State legislatures have attempted to "monkey" with the liberty of the press entirely too much of late. Without an untrammeled press, although it may have its faults, the American republic could not last. If the press is considered too violent, the law of libel should be properly amended, but, libel or no libel, the newspapers must be free to report and criticise public events. Down with gag law! It is treason to the people of the United States.

MAJOR W. C. MCCLURE, of this city, left on a visit to his native place, near Belfast, Ireland, this week. The Major is a good Irishman, and comes of fighting Presbyterian stock. His grandfather fought for Ireland at Ballynahinch and Antrim in 1798.

OUR traveling agent, Mr. Matthew D. Griffin, will visit Omaha, Creston and Des Moines next week. We bespeak for him a cordial reception.

MR. P. O. JOHNSON, of Reykjavik, Iceland, has addressed a letter of sympathy with the Irish cause to the editor of *United Ireland*, in which he speaks hopefully of the Irish question, and makes reference to the good work done for Iceland by his uncle, the patriot John Sigurdsson, whom Mr. Johnson terms "the O'Connell" of that country. He also sent a poem complimentary of Ireland and its people, set to music by a Norwegian composer.

HERR CANENSLEY, the gentleman who wanted the Pope to appoint foreign bishops to perpetuate foreignism in America, has been sat down upon and effectually squelched by his holiness. The Herr had better look out for herrself.

"When your heart is bad, and your head is bad, and you are bad clean through, what is needed?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "I know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla," answered a little girl, whose sick mother had recently been restored to health by that medicine.

THE STRANGER'S BRIDE.

(From the French of Emile Souvestre.)

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I've wed you, comely stranger, and now with you I roam
Far from the hills and sparkling rills that guard my native home,
Weep sad salt tears for fate like mine, and mourn my bitter pain—
Oh, woe is me! I'll never see my Brittany again!

In vain you seek to comfort me—oh, you are good and fond!—
But my dim eyes look to the skies, and seek the heights beyond,
To catch a glimpse of a mountain crest low bending o'er the sea
Where the white waves lave my mother's grave on the coast of Brittany.

No more I'll hear except in dreams the ocean's heaving swell,
Nor the hunting horn pealing loud through many a sombre dell,
Nor the shepherd's song that floats along from the hillside to the lea,
Nor the legends old of the brave and bold that are told in Brittany!

Oh, who will give me back the grove that knew me as a child,
The nightingale within the vale that oft my play beguiled?
The father's smile, and the mother's care, and the cot so dear to me,
And the sweet grey skies that I used to prize in the land of Brittany?

The storm is past. Forgive me, love, for sure I ought to know
Wherever the husband goes, 'tis meet that the wife should go also:
But a change of place will never efface the golden memory
Of the joys sublime and the happy time that I had in Brittany!

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Hammond, M. P., a merchant in the town of Carlow, was appointed a justice of the peace by Balfour, on the recommendation of Mr. Arthur McMorrogh Kavanagh.

At Ballsbridge, M. J. Ryan distinguished himself in the high jump by clearing the fine height of 6 ft. ¾ in. Mr. Ryan hails from Knockgraffan, Tipperary.

At first mass at Dunlavin, on Sunday last, the reverend pastor commenced to preach a sermon into which the politics of the hour were beginning to creep, when suddenly upon hearing reference to "The assorted gathering of a miscellaneous character," the president of the League and others rose from their seats and left the chapel. The effect was magical; in an instant the sermon changed from politics to religion, and peace reigned.—*Leinster Leader.*

Relieving Officer Byrne reported at the Celbridge board of guardians that he had to provide a coffin for a woman named Mary Bennett, who was found dead in her house at Leixlip one day during the week. It appeared the deceased was a flute player's wife, and when she died she had £8. Some of the women of the place discovered where the cash was, and there was high jinks in Leixlip while it lasted.

Mr. James B. Anglin, proprietor of the *Japan Gazette*, at Yokohama, died recently. He was a native of Wexford.

On June 19, an eviction campaign was begun on Lord Ely's estate in Wexford.

Mr. Peter Flood has been reelected chairman of the Longford town commissioners.

Fifty-three militiamen were injured in a collision on Lough Swilly railroad, mostly through their having carbines between their legs at the time of the collision.

A large demonstration in memory of Wolfe Tone was held in Bodenstown churchyard on June 21. Mr. J. L. Carew, M. P., and Mr. Mullen, of Belfast, delivered addresses.

Mrs. Ellen Hayden, aged 70 years, committed suicide in Naas on June 21.

Rev. Patrick Boland, P.P., Hacketstown, county Carlow, died on June 24 He was in his 69th year.

Rev. Father Coen, P. P., Kilconnell, died in Aughrim on June 16.

Rev. James Staunton, P. P., Kilbeanty, died on June 18 at Mater Misericordiæ hospital, Dublin.

Richard Hunter was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude on the charge of maliciously destroying Miss Redmond's model of the Father Mathew statue.

Mr. Mathew Fay, Yewtown, Naas, died recently.

A steward named Alexander Roy, in the employment of Mrs. Grogan, of Slaney Park, Baltinglass, committed suicide by hanging himself, on June 18

The Dublin *Nation*, it is currently reported, will shortly cease to exist. It is sad to think that the paper of Davis—the journal which first communicated the idea of nationhood—should thus untimely fall. During the last few years, however, it has been going down, and there was nothing either in its political or literary articles in recent times to remind one of its former pristine glory. —*Ex.*

At Tralee, five persons were charged on remand with having, on November 30 last, attacked the house of James Mahony, of Killahan, and fired shots at the house with intent to kill Mahony and the police engaged in protecting him at the time. District Inspector Newell and some other police witnesses having been examined, the prosecution closed. The only witness examined on the other side was Mr. Slattery, T. C., who was referred to in "Fox" Healy's evidence. He contradicted the evidence of the informer so far as it related to himself. The prisoners were committed for trial at the Kerry assizes.

Among those who were attracted to Drogheda by the Boyne regatta, on June 18, were a number of "Trinity" men, who appear to have made up their minds to rival the performances of their predecessors of the "Charley O'Malley" period. On the morning succeeding the regatta the early Drogheda policeman was astonished to find two of the city's night watchmen securely lashed—tied up—to the pump in James street—the memorial fountain erected during the mayoralty of Mr. Leach. At their feet was placed a Tantalus cup, in the shape of two bottles of whiskey, which they could touch but not taste. Their helmets, replaced by Rowing Club caps, had been borne off as trophies by their captors, who had prudently left town by the first morning train

When Mr. T. A. Purcell, Q. C., county court judge, opened the quarter sessions for the city of Limerick on June 16, there was only one criminal case for trial.

The tenants on the estate of the late Col. White, county Limerick are negotiating for the purchase of their holdings. They have offered fourteen years' rental on the Poorlaw valuation, but the terms have not yet been finally agreed upon. The tenantry have made the reinstatement of the evicted tenants a *sine qua non*

Mr. Richard Stackpoole, J. P., D. L., Edenvale, near Ennis, died on June 16. He was an extensive land owner in Clare.

Two brothers, Daniel and Jeremiah Mulcahy, Newcastle West, were sentenced to four months' imprisonment with hard labor for assaulting constable John Clifford at Glenmore.

"A TRAMP FROM BALLYPOREEN."

At a meeting of the Dungarvan town commissioners Mr. P. O'Brien, in accordance with notice of motion, moved that the street called Parnell street be changed to its old name, Main street.

Mr. McNamara—What is the blemish on Parnell (order)?

Capt. Curran said the name of Parnell should not be taken down. It had been put up by men who thought well of Parnell, at the cost of the ratepayers of Dungarvan. Was it now going to be taken down to please a frivolous fanatic (oh, oh)? The people will be called upon to pay the expense of taking this tablet down; perhaps it would be called Pat O'Brien street. This motion came from Mr. O'Brien with very bad grace. If they were going back to the "Jacknell's" cruise across the Atlantic, and when the brave Fenians landed at Dungarvan, they knew what Mr. O'Brien and some of his heroic followers did. They went to Capt. Barry, to Bregcy Lodge, and the police went into certain peoples' houses from the information they got, and now these were the men who were posing as the Nationalists of Dungarvan.

Mr. Casey—Sham Nationalists.

Capt. Curran said he knew a great deal. He knew those who volunteered their services as special constables, and the resolution to take the name of Parnell down came with bad grace, and the name should not be taken down at the expense of the ratepayers.

Mr. P. O'Brien said he had a word to say to the captain's reflection on him. He held that Ireland was his native land, and as a Tipperary man he was as good as Capt. Curran, who came from Abbey side.

Mr. Casey—You came in as a baker's tramp to Dungarvan (uproar).

Mr. O'Brien—I did not come from the bogs of Ballyvoile. Why should you insult an Irishman, you ignorant bosthoon you (continued uproar)?

Mr. Casey—You came as a tramp from Ballyporeen.

Mr. O'Brien—Go bogtrotting down to Ballyvoile again. Why should you insult an Irishman (great noise).

Mr. Daniell—Put the resolution.

Mr. McNamara—What objection have you to the name of Parnell?

Mr. O'Brien—Because he is a fallen leader.

Mr. McNamara—Oh, never mind that.

Messrs. Casey, J. Curran, P. McNamara and Capt. Curran voted against the resolution. Six voted for it.

THE RIFLES AND THE FOURTH.

A Fine Gathering—Speeches by Mr. Corkery and Judge Kavanagh.

The Hibernian Rifles had a most enjoyable day and evening at Ogden Grove, on July Fourth. All the arrangements were perfect, and the regiment turned out in full strength, under the command of Col. T. F. Hartigan and Lieut. Col. Francis C. Colby. Dancing and athletic exercises were prominent features of the programme. At about 4 o'clock, the president of the day, Mr. Daniel Corkery, called the merry makers together around the platform and addressed them in the following words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: At the invitation of the Hibernian Rifles we are assembled to celebrate the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The occasion is one of rejoicing, and no body of citizens rejoice more heartily than we Irish-Americans do over the prosperity, success and freedom which have resulted from the labors of the patriotic men who established American independence. We know the curse of tyranny, and we fully realize the blessings of freedom. And we have shown this at every stage of the republic's process by our willingness to support it, and when necessary to die for it. The patriotic Irish-Americans who compose the Hibernian Rifles remember with affection their motherland. They cherish its traditions with pride and with love. But they are first of all American citizens, and they ever stand ready to obey the laws and the calls of the United States. They invite us today to take part in their pleasures and recreations; but they have not forgotten also to invite us to hear the story of American courage and American love of liberty; and they wish us to leave here, if possible, more devoted to our country and her free institutions than when we came. To that end, they have invited a distinguished fellow citizen to deliver an address appropriate to this anniversary; and I now have the pleasure of introducing to you the orator of the day, Judge Marcus Kavanagh."

Judge Kavanaugh, who is a handsome gentleman of about thirty summers, was received with hearty applause, and delivered a very eloquent address, in which he dwelt upon the glories of the day, and pictured glowingly the courage and perseverence of the revolutionary patriots. He also spoke of the honorable part borne by Irishmen and Irish Americans in hurling British monarchical despotism from these long oppressed shores. His remarks were frequently interrupted by prolonged expressions of approval. THE CITIZEN regrets that want of space prevents a more lengthy report of Judge Kavanagh's masterly speech.

THE OGDEN GROVE DEMONSTRATION.

The different sub committees of the general executive committee of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county, having in charge the preparations for the fifteenth annual Irish national demonstration to be held at Ogden Grove on August 15, will meet at McCoy's hotel this (Saturday) evening at 8 o'clock. The chairmen of the sub committees are as follows: On speakers, M. J. Keane; on grounds, Capt. L. R. Buckley; on reception, Wm. McCoy; on access, M. P. Brady; on printing, J. J. O'Connell; on decoration, Martin Mulcahy; on refreshments, John McGovern; on music, Patrick O'Brien; on police, Ald. Powers; on fire works, J. J. Mahoney; on transportation, Ald. E. P. Burke; on press, James C Strain. The presence of every member of the committee, as well as of the chair men, is particularly requested, as important business is to be transacted.

ADDRESS TO DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.

The following Gaelic address was presented to Dr. Douglas Hyde at a banquet given him on Tuesday evening, June 23, by the ladies of the Gaelic Society of New York:

DO'N T-SAOI DUBHGHLAS DE H-IDE .I. "AN CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN."

A DHUINE UASAIL IONMHUIN: Air son ban uasal Cumainn na Gaedhilge cuirimid cead mile fáilte rómhat chum na tíre so. Gidh gurab' í so do cheud chuairt oraibh, fós is féidir linn do ràdh nach colcebrigheach thú in ár measg; óir le bliadhantaibh tá aithne againn ort, agus tá d'ainm gràdhmhaithe agus onóruighthe—ní h-é amháin linne—acht le fíor-Eireannachaibh air fud an domhain, de bhrigh nár bh-féidir le h-aon Eireannach do chuid abhrán sár-bhinn, agus do chuid leabhar ro-bhlásda, do léigheadh gan gràdh agus onóir do thabhairt do'n úghdar léigheanta.

Is lomadh cuairteoir do thàinig chugainn as Eirinn le tréimhse; acht gidh go measamaoid iád go léir, is cinnte nach bh-fuil aon sea do thuill fáilte chomh mór, chomh teith no chomh dílis agus do thuil tusa i d-taoibh do shaothair air son sean-teangan ár sinnsear agus ár d-tire. Is tú an cheud fhear ameasg aos óg na h-Eireann do chuir teagasg Thomáis Dhábhdhis i n-gníomh; óir is tú amháin do thóg air do ghúalainnaibh an obair tuforthamhuil do thosuigh an deagh-fhear eile agus le'r fágadh í neamh-chríochnúighthe tre a bhás ro-anabuidh. Mar do bhí seiseau air feadh a bheatha gan mórán deisciobal 'san obair, do bhí tú féin mar an g-ceudna air feadh tamaill; acht buidheachas do Dhia, tá do shómpla-sa ag cur anma úir i n-Eirinn; tá cuid d a h-aos óg fa dheireadh ag musgailt as an trom-shuan in ar luigheadar, agus tá siad ag admháil riachtanais na h-oibre in a raibh tusa ad' aonar ag saothrughadh le bliadhantaibh.

Tá brón orrainn d'fheicsin nach bh-fuil ár n-deirbhshúdracha 'san m-baile chómh gnóthach i g-cúis na Gaedhilge agus ba chóir dóibh a bheith. Guidhimid orra dar cuimhne a mathrach eródha do throid taobh le taobh leis na fearaibh air bhailaidhibh Luimnigh, a n-dithchioll do dheunamh leis an teangaiu do labhair a sean-maithreacha in aimsir baoghail agus géirleanamhna, do chomhéad beó i m-beulaibh a g-cland, lonnas go m-bronnfaidh siad-san í go fíor agus go neamh-thruaillighthe, mar oighreachd luachmhair, air an g-cineadh Eireannach a tá le teacht.

Ag cur beannacht leat ó n-ár g-croidhthibh chum "Bán-cnoc Eireann Oi"; ag guidhe go g-cuirfidh Dia slán a bhaile tú, agus go d-tabharfaidh Sé fad-shaoghal agus slánte dhuit, lonnas go bh-feicfidh tú Bán-toradh do mhór-shaothair .i. "Riaghail Eireannach i n-Eirinn," agus leanga, cedi agus deagh-nósa ar sinnsear dá g-cleachdadh leis na daoinibh ó cheann go ceann na tíre, mar do cleachdadh iad in aimsir ársuigh a saoirse agus a glóire.

Is sinne, a chaoi, air son ban uasal Cumainn na Gaedhilge. Do Chàirde Dílse.

ANNA NI RAGHALLAIGH, Bean-Cathaoirle.
EIBHLIN NI BHAOILAIDHE, Bean-Chisteirse.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS CELEBRATION.

One of the pleasantest patriotic gatherings held on July Fourth, the Republic's natal day, was that of the Clan na Gael Guards and their friends at Oswald's Park, Fifty-second and Halsted streets. Capt. L. R. Buckley marshaled his men from their armory to the grounds, and their fine marching called out numerous cheers from the spectators along the route. The day was spent in dancing and athletic games. Excellent order prevailed throughout, and all who attended said that it was one of the most enjoyable occasions of which they had had experience. The Guards now muster fully a hundred men in uniform, thoroughly armed and equipped, and are daily increasing in numbers and enthusiasm.

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

The Gaelic Athletic Association held its usual field sports last Sunday afternoon. Representatives from the Shamrock, O'Brien, Emmet, O'Connell and Columbia clubs took part and the O'Briens came off victorious with four prizes out of the five.

The event of the day was the football match between the Shamrocks and the O'Connells. The Shamrocks won by a score of 2 goals and 3 points to 4 points.

The 130-yard hurdle race with seven hurdles was won by P. J. Fitzgerald of the O'Brien club. P. O'Connell, P. J. Murphy, M. Gallagher and I. Mulcahy were the defeated contestants.

P. D. Fitzgerald, P. O'Connell, Patrick Doyle, P. T. Murphy, M. Conroy and I. Mulcahy entered for the running high jump. It was won by P. O'Connell of the O'Briens, with a record of 5 feet 4 inches. The same candidate ran 440 yards in 58 seconds, beating Thomas Enright P. J. Murphy, A. Mahoney and I. Mulcahy.

The running long jump was taken by P. D. Fitzgerald of the O'Brien club. He cleared 19 feet 4 inches.

John Lyons of the O'Connell club won the hop, skip and jump, 34 feet four inches.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending July 8:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
New Yorks	59	36	23	.610
Chicagos	64	37	27	.578
Bostons	63	36	27	.571
Philadelphias	63	31	32	.492
Clevelands	66	32	34	.485
Brooklyns	64	31	33	.484
Pittsburgs	61	24	37	.393
Cincinnatis	61	25	39	.391

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending July 8:

Thursday—Chicago 20, Cleveland 5. Cincinnati 0, Pittsburg 1. Brooklyn 2, Boston 3.

Friday—Chicago 6, Cleveland 4. Cincinnati 6, Pittsburg 5.

Saturday—Chicago 0 Brooklyn 8. Chicago 5, Brooklyn 6. Cleveland 15, Philadelphia 14. Cleveland 1, Philadelphia 5. Pittsburg 4, Boston 5 Pittsburg 1, Boston 2. Cincinnati 2, New York 3 Cincinnati 4, New York 5

Monday—Pittsburg 2, Boston 5. Cincinnati 2, New York 1. Cleveland 5, Philadelphia 4

Tuesday—Chicago 2, Philadelphia 6

Wednesday—Chicago 8 Philadelphia 7 Pittsburg 5, New York 11. Cleveland 1, Boston 4 Cincinnati 9, Brooklyn 5.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	69	45	24	.652
St. Louis	76	49	27	.645
Baltimores	67	29	28	.509
Columbus	73	34	39	.466
Cincinnatis	71	33	38	.465
Philadelphias	69	33	37	.464
Louisvilles	75	29	46	.3 7
Washingtons	66	22	44	.333

Thursday—Columbus 4, Cincinnati 1. St. Louis 15, Louisville 7 Boston 12, Washington 4

Saturday—Boston 7, Columbus 4. Boston 10, Columbus 3. Philadelphia 3, St. Louis 8 Baltimore 10, Cincinnati 7. Baltimore 9, Cincinnati 2 Washington 5, Louisville 4 Washington 8, Louisville 6

Sunday—Boston 6, Columbus 16.

Monday—Philadelphia 4, St. Louis 7. Baltimore 8 Cincinnati 5 Washington 4, Louisville 6. Boston 1, Columbus 3.

Tuesday—Washington 14, Louisville 7 Baltimore 2, Cincinnati 8 Boston 12, Columbus 0. Philadelphia 7, St. Louis 1.

Wednesday—St. Louis 8, Boston 7.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	8	6	2	.750
West Ends	8	5	3	.625
Garden Citys	9	5	4	.556
Rivals	8	3	5	.375
Brands	8	3	5	.37
Franklins	9	3	6	.333

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whitings 7, Garden Citys 2 Rivals 17, West Ends 0. Brands 14, Franklins 6.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p m. St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

THE FOURTH AT AMBOY.

The Citizens' Improvement Association of Amboy, Ill., took charge of the celebration of the glorious Fourth in that city this year. The day was simply perfect, and there was an immense concourse of people at the beautiful grove, situated within a furlong of the town, where the exercises were held. The platform was beautifully draped with the American colors, and a full military band discoursed national and patriotic airs with a skill that evoked repeated rounds of applause. The Ladies' Musical Club of Amboy also lent the charm of both vocal and instrumental music to the occasion. On the stage were seated clerical representatives of the Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Catholic and Episcopal creeds, all of whom were fired by the same love of country, and took an equal interest in the proceedings. The gathering at the grove was presided over by the Hon. Mr Truesdell, who made a few appropriate remarks, and introduced Prof. James, who read, in a very attractive manner, the immortal Declaration of Independence. John F Finerty, of Chicago, was then introduced as the speaker of the day, and spoke for about an hour. In the evening there were fireworks and other stirring amusements. Great credit is due to Mayor Young, Mr. W. H. Badger, chairman of the Citizens' Improvement Association, Mr. M. Rice and other prominent gentlemen of Amboy for the success of the demonstration.

Changes of Climate

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or of agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO to Europe in seven days via the New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Thomas J. Rowan, late a prominent citizen of Ballina, Ireland, and one who took a spirited part in recent National movements, has arrived in Chicago.

TWO THOUSAND men are now working on the new stock yards in Tolleston, the coming commercial and manufacturing centre of America; buy lots now while they are cheap and don't wait for the boom. I am selling my own lots on Logan Boulevard, the main street in Tolleston, for $180; very easy terms. These lots are $40 cheaper than real estate men are selling for. Don't wait but write to Room 46, 69 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Nearly all are located near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal.

New Abbreviation.

A lady tells a story of a young man who had come from the country to the city in which she lived, and in a short time fancied himself quite equal to any social emergency. He never asked advice on questions of etiquette, and in consequence he made many mistakes. At one time the lady issued cards to a dancing party, and among the invited guests she included this rather conceited and exceedingly awkward young man.

He was to be out of town at the date of the party, and so was unable to accept the invitation. At the foot of the card he read the letters R. S. V. P., and was much perplexed as to their meaning. However, he was nothing daunted by his ignorance, and wrote a note declining the invitation in as formal and stilted terms as he could command, and after signing his name added the letters M. S. C. C.

On his return to the city after the party he went to call on the lady, and in the course of the conversation asked, "By the way, Mrs. Clapp, what did you mean by R. S. V. P. at the end of the invitation you sent me?"

"Why," replied the hostess, without a note of surprise in her polite voice, "they stand for the French phrase, 'Repondez, s'il vous plait'—Answer, if you please."

"Oh, yes! Well, I was all right, then!" said the young man in a tone of much satisfaction. "I thought I should hit it in my answer."

"Now that you speak of it," said his courteous hostess, "I do wish to ask you what M. S. C. C. stands for. I can't imagine, and I can't find any one who has ever seen the abbreviation used!"

"Oh," replied her visitor airily, "that meant 'Mighty sorry couldn't come.' I should think that was plain enough!"—Youth's Companion.

Collecting a Debt.

There are debts and debtors, and to get the former out of the latter sometimes requires a good deal of ingenuity. The case of a livery stable keeper and a poor paying patron indicates that fact, and, as one is dead and the other in Europe, the story may be told. The patron had run up a big bill on the livery man and neglected to pay.

It amounted to $93, and had he so wished the debtor could have easily settled at any time. But he didn't wish. He knew that his creditor would not sue, because such course, for various reasons, would be unwise. Appeals were in vain, threats were unheeded, and the creditor was at his wits' end. Finally he hit upon a scheme. He had his bookkeeper make out a bill for $930, and sent it to his debtor by messenger, with a request for immediate payment of the whole amount. Then he sat down and waited.

In less than twenty minutes the office door was thrown open and a man entered. It was the debtor, and he was mad clear through. "You swindling villain!" he howled, shaking his fist under the liveryman's nose. "What do you mean by sending me a bill for $930? I don't owe you anything like that amount, and I'll not pay it. I'll have you understand that I'm too fly for you. Here's ninety-three dollars, and you'll not get a cent more."

Saying this he threw the money on the desk, and glared at the livery man with hatred in his eye. No one answered him, however, and then he demanded a receipt. It was given him in silence, he left the office banging the door after him, and then the liveryman chuckled. Then he laughed. Then he roared. His scheme was a success, and the bill was paid.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Cod and Herring.

Between 60,000,000,000 and 100,000,000,000 codfishes are taken from the sea around the shores of Newfoundland every year; but even that quantity seems small when we consider that a single cod yields something like 3,500,000 eggs each year, and that over 8,000,000,000 eggs have been found in the roe of a single cod. A herring of six or seven ounces in weight is provided with 30,000,000 ova. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and of the young it has been calculated that in three years a single pair of herring will produce 154,000,000.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.,
Dealer in
Household Goods
Pianos and Organs
136 West Madison street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
308 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Attorneys

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st.
Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH,
Attorney at Law,
609 Opera House Building,
Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

PAGE & PEARSON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
85 Dearborn-st., Rooms 304-5-6.
Chicago, Ill.

Grocers.

HOGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BEIRNE, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy
Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
349 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy
Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Headquarters for Imported Dilisk,
113 Erie-st., corner Market,
Chicago.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING,
The Artistic and Reliable
Merchant Tailor and Draper,
No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

Easy Payments.

Ladies' Dress Goods. Gents' Suits, Overcoats, Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry. Manufacturers' Agent for Furniture, Pianos, and Sewing Machines. Country Cash Orders Filled at the Very Lowest Rates. Boys' Suits a Specialty.

Jas. Clarke,
MANAGER,
Room 528, 112½ S. Clark-st.

Furniture, Stoves,
Carpets and Parlor Goods.
HENRY STUCKART,
2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV,

WILLIAM E. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS, ROBERT P. BATES.
MASON, ENNIS & BATES,
Attorneys-at-Law,
ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,
36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,
CHICAGO.

DAILY LAKE EXCURSION
To the Beautiful Summer Resorts of
ST. JOSEPH AND BENTON HARBOR
On the Palace Steamers "CITY OF CHICAGO" and "PURITAN,"
The two Fastest boats on Lake Michigan.
Leave 9:30 a. m., return to the city at 9 p. m. $1.00 Round trip.
Leave 11:30 p. m. Single fare $1.00.
Sunday Excursion, leave 10 a. m. Return 10 p. m. $1.50 Round trip.
Saturday Special, leave 2 p. m. Round trip $1.00 Tickets good returning same day, Sunday 6 p. m. steamer, or Monday.
Meals and Berths Extra.
The "City of Chicago," 9 30 a. m. steamer from Chicago connects with the Special Steamboat Express on the Chicago & West Michigan Railway for Grand Rapids, Holland, Petosky, Detroit, Mackinac Island and all Northern points. This is the quickest and cheapest route to these points.
GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION CO.
Dock foot of Wabash-av.
For further information apply to G. S. WHITELAR, General Passenger Agent.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1891, being the 17th day thereof. JULIA ENRIGHT, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

If I had told her in the spring
The old old story briefly,
When the sparrow and robin began to sing
And the plowing was over chiefly.

For haste makes waste, and the story sweet,
I reasoned, will keep through the sowing;
Till I drop the corn and plant the wheat,
And give them a chance for growing.

Had I even told the tale of June,
When the wind through the grass was blowing,
Instead of thinking it rather too soon,
And waiting till after the mowing.

Or had I hinted out under the stars
That I knew a story worth hearing,
Lingering to put up the pasture bars,
Nor waited to do the shearing.

Now the barn is full, and so is the bin,
But I've grown wise without glory,
Since love is the crop not gathered in,
For my neighbor told her the story.
—New York Recorder.

OVER-THE-WAY.

Over-the-Way—queer name for a woman, isn't it? It was big Jim Gray—he's a telegraph operator on a morning newspaper—who gave her the name. Of course we found out her real name afterward, but none of us at Mrs. Smith's ever spoke of her except as Over-the-Way. It was at the breakfast table—we are all night workers, and the breakfast hour at Mrs. Smith's is noon—and Jim sits where he can look out of the window. Miss Elliott—she "does society" on another morning paper and is quite vivacious—noticed that Jim was neglecting his plate of buckwheat cakes and staring with all his eyes across the street. Now Jim is a master hand at buckwheat cakes, and Miss Elliott, having a reputation for vivacity to sustain, was perfectly justified in remarking that Mr. Gray did not seem quite himself. We laughed, as in politeness bound, and that brought Jim back. He got up and made a flourish with his napkin and said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It now gives me great pleasure to present to you the neighbor we have long been expecting, Over-the-Way."

We were so interested that we got right up from the breakfast table and crowded to the windows. Even that reserved and sarcastic Elizabeth Hawkins—she's a telephone girl, and I suppose she's justified in having a poor opinion of mankind, and trying to get even out of office hours—forgot her dignity for once and was as interested as anybody. You see, the workmen had been busy on a little cottage right across the street for two months or more. We did not pay any particular attention to it until they began to put in a second story bay window that was almost as big as the rest of the cottage. After that bay window had done duty as a family joke for two or three weeks we fell to wondering what sort of people had built it, and who would occupy such a funny little house.

Handsome Henry Roberts—he's a window dresser in a big State street dry goods store, and a great hand with the girls—said he knew some woman was responsible for that window and hoped she would be good looking; it would be a pity to spoil such a fine window. Whereupon dear old Miss Brooks—she's nice looking even if she is forty, and has come down from better days to proof-reading—reminded him, in her precise, genteel way, that young men who had no eyes for anything but a pretty woman sometimes came to grief. The graceless Harry responded that a homely woman was a real grief, and a pretty one a joy forever. Here the scamp looked hard at Elizabeth Hawkins. Elizabeth Hawkins looked back at Harry, and I thought she was going to say, "Bury, what's your number?" And John Berry—he's some sort of an editor and doesn't say much, being as reserved as Elizabeth Hawkins and peculiarlike—saw Harry and scowled.

Well, as I was saying, we had many a discussion over that little cottage, and finally came to feel a sense of proprietorship in what we called "Over-the-Way." So you see it was a great day for us when Over-the-Way herself appeared.

To be sure, there wasn't much to see when we did get to the window—just a big transfer wagon loaded with new furniture, an express wagon heaped high with household belongings, two drivers, an old negro woman with a gorgeous turban, and a dear little woman in a smart jacket and a wide brimmed hat.

Harry Roberts declared he was simply perishing for exercise and fresh air, and put on his overcoat and strolled past the cottage. He came back and reported that the little woman was a beauty; in fact, he grew quite eloquent over her charms. And then, of course, we had to talk it all over—whether she was married, and if she was, where was her husband, and if she wasn't, was she going to live all alone with the old colored aunty, and so on.

Over-the-Way was evidently a capable little body, for she had the furniture in and the house to rights in no time. And the way old Aunt Amanda—that's the name we gave to the colored woman and her turban—made things fly moved Mrs. Smith to wish, with tears in her voice, that the days of slavery were back again.

But though the nest was ready, no male bird appeared. After a week had gone by we women began to hate "him," as we called the man Over-the-Way was waiting for. We knew there was a "him" by the way. She flew to meet the postman and fairly hugged the letter when she got one, and kind o' drooped when she didn't. And there were mighty few days when she drooped too.

But his absence didn't seem to bother Over-the-Way a bit. She was busy morning and night fixing up the cottage for him. The big bay window was evidently the pride of her life. Every afternoon she'd put on a pretty house dress, snuggle down in a big arm chair right in the middle of it, and read over her letters. Harry Roberts thought it was all for his benefit until he found, after repeated trials, that she had no eyes for him except to find his glances and attitudes a subject of mirth. And then one day we found out why it was she had no eyes for Harry or any other man—except one.

It was the second Sunday, just before dinner time—her dinner time—and she was in the window as usual. But she had on a new dress, and to save her she couldn't sit still in her chair more than thirty seconds at a time. All of a sudden she clapped her hands, and gave a little jump, and kissed her hand to somebody we couldn't see, and ran from the window. And then a manly young fellow went striding across the street and ran up the steps. The front door blew open with a bang and Over-the-Way had him by the arm and was dragging him inside in a second. Then she let go of him in a hurry and ran in quicker than she came out. If she hadn't she'd have been kissed right there on the front porch in plain sight of everybody.

We knew they'd show up in the big bay window sooner or later, and, sure enough, just after dinner they came into sight. She was clinging to his arm and just dancing on her toes, she was so happy; and just as she was right in the midst of telling him how fine it all was she discovered us at the windows. We could almost see her blush clear across the street, and her young husband straightened up and looked daggers. But John Berry rose to the occasion nobly. He had his overcoat and hat on—he was just going out—and he took off his hat and made a bow respectful and friendly like, as much as to say, "We're glad to see you, sir." And we women clapped our hands and smiled, as much as to say, "We're glad he's come at last." And then Over-the-Way and her husband saw it was all right and they smiled and bowed, Over-the-Way patted him on the arm as much as to say, "Here he is; isn't he nice?" And the young husband put his arm around Over-the-Way and gave her a little hug right before our eyes, as much as to say, "It's all right now; I'll make up for lost time." And then we came away from the windows.

Young Mr. Over-the-Way—we found afterward that in public life he was a traveling salesman for a big drug firm—stayed three days. Then he went away. And Over-the-Way went up into her bay window and bravely kissed her hand to him till he turned the corner. Then she dropped down into her big armchair and turned its broad back to us.

He was gone two weeks, and they were long weeks for Over-the-Way. But everything human has an end and he came back at last. Well, it was the same thing over again. Only he stayed but one day. Then he was gone ten days. Next time it was a week, and after that it was every Sunday when we sat down to breakfast we found them together in the big bay window. But Sundays are invariably followed by Mondays, and poor Over-the-Way had hard work enough to lay in happiness enough in one day to last her six. Still, from Monday morning to Wednesday night she lived on remembrance, and from Thursday morning to Saturday night on anticipation, so she got along pretty well.

But one day, after six or seven months of this alternate sunshine and shadow, the clouds settled down in earnest over the little cottage. He came home in the middle of the week, and Over-the-Way met him at the door with a scared face. The next morning he left with a big trunk. He had his hat down over his eyes and never looked back at the bay window. He knew Over-the-Way wasn't there to kiss her hand to him. We didn't see her at all that day, for by and by Aunt Amanda came and pulled down the shades.

He had been ordered off on a three months' trip to South America, and John Berry said "reciprocity" or some such thing was the cause of it. I know we women all hated it, whatever it was.

Over-the-Way came back to her boudoir after a while, but she didn't seem to be quite the same old Over-the-Way. She got letters, but they didn't come every day now. Sometimes we fairly hated the postman—just as if it was his fault! But when she did get one—why, we could tell a block off when the postman had a letter by the way he walked.

By and by Over-the-Way had a broad, comfortable lounge put in her window and deserted her armchair for it. There she would lie for hours reading or looking idly out of the window. And Jim Gray said one day that he hoped Over-the-Way wasn't going to grieve herself into a decline. If she didn't chirk up pretty soon he believed he'd get her husband's address and write to him to throw up his job and come home. And Harry Roberts said that may be Over-the-Way wasn't so much better than every other woman after all, and liked to lie around in a loose gown and read novels just like the rest of them. Nobody said a word, and the next day Harry Roberts told Mrs. Smith that he guessed he'd leave at the end of the week, and he did.

But Jim Gray didn't write, for Over-the-Way did chirk up right away. She got an industrious streak all of a sudden and sat in her big armchair and cut and basted and sewed until Jim said he was afraid she was getting vain and thinking too much of her clothing for such a sensible young woman. Then he discovered that all her sewing was white, and he suggested that most likely she was getting ready to join her husband in South America; it was so hot there that every one had to wear white all the time. We women all began to talk about spring bonnets and Mrs. Smith left the room. She suddenly remembered that she had left something in the oven.

Jim grew reconciled to the sewing, but he found other things to worry him. He elected himself a bulletin committee of one and made frequent reports. When there were no facts he gave us the benefit of his speculations. One day he announced that he guessed Over-the-Way would begin to pack up before long; she had pretty much finished her sewing. He could see that she was just puttering and putting in fancy stitches. Another time he said he was afraid that Over-the-Way was ill; there was a light in the bay window when he got home at 4 o'clock that morning.

A few mornings after that there was news. We women all knew it long before breakfast time and John Berry and the other men were told by Mrs. Smith when they came down. The bulletin committee was a little late and we were all at breakfast when he appeared. The moment he entered the room he said he was sure that Over-the-Way was ill; when he got home everything was ablaze with light and there was a doctor's phaeton in front of the house. We could see for ourselves that the bay window shades were down.

"Umph!" said Mrs. Smith. "Is that all you have to tell us?"

"Why, what's happened?"

"Over-the-Way has a visitor."

"So he's back at last, is he? Well, it's time."

"I wish her husband was here; it's a dear little girl."

"Good Lord!" said Jim.

Nobody laughed right then, but a minutue later, when Miss Elliott made one of her vivacious remarks everybody roared—except Jim. Even John Berry and Elizabeth Hawkins, who were looking powerfully glum, had to laugh. Things get out so in a boarding house. We all knew that he had proposed and she had said no.

Just as we were getting through breakfast John Berry gave a groan at the window and turned to us with his face working and his lips trembling. He couldn't speak; just pointed across the street.

Old Aunt Amanda was tying a long streamer of white crepe to the door bell.

"Over-the-Way's dead," said some one in a strained whisper.

"White's for little children," said Mrs. Smith. "It's Over-the-Way's little baby. O dear! O dear!" And the good woman burst out sobbing. None of us were much better off, for that matter.

So it happened that then we made our first call across the street. John Berry and Mrs. Smith went. Mrs. Smith went in, but John paced up and down in front of the house. Elizabeth Hawkins never took her eyes off him. She was as pale as a ghost, and yet she didn't look exactly unhappy either.

By and by they came back. As soon as they came in John took out a roll of money and dropped a bill in his hat. "Flowers!" said he, and looked around as much as to ask if anybody wanted to follow suit. We all put in something. Elizabeth Hawkins put in a dollar. I knew she had saved it to buy some Sunday gloves. After John had gone out Mrs. Smith told us how she had talked with the poor young mother in the darkened room, and how the little baby was to be buried the next day, and how John was to see to everything and go to the cemetery, and how the little coffin was to be put in the vault and kept till the father got home.

By and by John came back with a great box. It was full to the brim with lilies of the valley—not another flower.

Well, John's services were not needed after all, for that very night the young husband came home from South America, and the next day, when the carriage drove away from the little cottage with a little white casket on the front seat heaped high with lilies of the valley, the poor young husband looked over to us in the windows and made a sort of a bow and put his hand on his heart.

That evening, when it was time to go to work, John Berry came down with a satchel in his hand and began to say goodby to us, saying he was going to leave. When he came to the last one—Elizabeth Hawkins—he hesitated, then held out his hand just as he had to the rest of us. She just barely touched it, and both of them looked white and trembling. Just as he was going out of the door she called to him:

"John!"

It wasn't a bit like Elizabeth Hawkins' voice, and we all stared. John came back, but didn't say a word—just stood waiting. And now they both were red.

"Are you going because—because"——

John nodded. I don't believe he could have said a word to save him.

"Well—well—I—John, don't go!"

Long before she finished John had her in his arms right before us all.

"I said 'No,' John, because I was afraid you were hard and unfeeling—till today. Now I know better."

"God bless you, my children!" said motherly Mrs. Smith. The stereotyped old phrase was a relief, and we all laughed in a teary sort of way, then she added:

"When trouble comes and you need patience and forbearance remember what brought you together."

And we all said:

"Over-the-Way!"—Chicago Tribune.

An Odd Time to Make a Speech.

There is a remarkable story of Dr. Follen, which is told thus: Dr. Follen had been a German patriot, and he became a fervent American patriot; for he valued political liberty as a necessary condition of the development of Christianized humanity. And he never ceased to wonder, during his whole residence in America, at the want of religious earnestness in American patriots. I remember once when he was in Dr. Channing's pulpit, and was thanking God for the privileges of American citizenship, in behalf of the whole congregation, he paused and made an address to the people, to call their attention to the deep character of the blessings and its bearing on their religious privileges, in order that they might join with him more fervently than he feared they were doing, and afterward went on with his prayer. About this there was at least a nobility, however remote from ordinary practice.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cooking in Paris.

It is a curious fact, by the way, that the French, who cannot cook a real beefsteak to the Anglo-Saxon palate, can convert the horse into a savory dish. The opportunity for deception puts their culinary art upon its mettle, I suppose, just as if you give them the primest green turtle out of the West Indies, they will spoil it in the pot, while from a calf's head, some veal scraps and the stock kettle they will make you a mock turtle soup to delude any one but a London alderman.—Alfred Trumble in New York Epoch.

MONGOLIAN GENIUS.

CLEVER ACT OF A CHINAMAN WHO STOLE A BOX OF JEWELS.

Story of a Burglary in China—A Greased Scamp Covered With a Sheet Makes Away with the Strong Box of an American Embassador—The Thief Escapes.

"My husband was, as you know, in the Austrian diplomatic service," said an American woman whose experience of divers lands had been most extensive, "and of course the number of incidents in our varying life has been legion. But there was one adventure which occurred while we were attached to the embassy in China that so combined the ludicrous with really serious that I shall never forget it.

"After we had been there about a year there occurred some grand jubilee or other at the court to celebrate the emperor's birthday or some other festive occasion, and Baron H. had been sent from Vienna as special convoy to tender congratulations, etc. He, of course, stopped at the legation. The night before he was to leave he returned very late for dinner. I could see during the evening that he was distrait and worried, and after our guests had gone he confided to the count and myself his trouble.

"He was a nervous, fussy little man, and was evidently greatly disturbed. 'I have had some important jewels confided to my care,' he told us, 'to be given to our emperor as a memento of this occasion. Tomorrow I sail, as you know, in the government steamer for home, and as soon as I am aboard ship I shall not feel any anxiety; but I must confess that tonight I am nervous—why, I do not know; but I have the feeling, and I thought I would confide it to you, and perhaps you would share my responsibility.'

"My husband, who has inherited from his Irish mother a bold carelessness which has often stood him in good stead, although disastrous in this instance, said good naturedly: 'Give them to me, if you like. I have an iron box by my bed where I lock up any important papers that I have in my room at night, and I will keep them for you.' The baron, greatly relieved, gladly handed over the little case that held the costly trinkets, and shortly afterward we all retired for the night.

STORY OF THE BURGLARY.

"The count's room adjoined mine, and the last thing I remember was seeing the glimmer of his light under the door as he sat writing at his desk, finishing up his dispatches for the morrow. I was awakened from a deep sleep by the noise of a scuffle, and immediately afterward the shout of my husband, and in a few minutes the whole house was aroused. 'Catch the thieves!' shouted the count, and for a short time all was in confusion, no one understanding the why and the wherefore of the uproar, the count, in the lightest of attire, having torn down the stairs and into the courtyard. After a useless pursuit he returned, breathless, to tell his story.

"The box was gone; that I had seen at once, and had already communicated my fears to Baron H., who had also appeared upon the scene, and who was nearly frantic. Between gasps for breath—for what with the excitement and the chase and his embonpoint my poor husband was completely exhausted—we finally elicited the following facts. After he had put the jewels in the strong box, which stood on a table at the head of his bed, he sat down at his desk, and finding that he had more to do than he expected, wrote until the small hours of the morning.

"Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour he was restless after he finally got to bed, and did not fall into a sound sleep; so that the light noise of the opening door aroused him at once, and by the dim light from the hall he saw a muffled figure approaching his bed, while another form, also shrouded in drapery, stood by the door. Count A. is a brave man and a strong man, and has always been a famous athelete; so rather enjoying the idea of the denouement he lay quietly in wait, knowing by a flash of intuition that the jewels were the object of the midnight marauders.

A GREASED BURGLAR.

"The robber came steadily and noiselessly toward the box as if he were perfectly familiar with the location, while the count feigned sleep and allowed him to come near enough to lay his hand upon it. Then with a sudden movement he threw his powerful arms around the thief and shouted for help, but by an indescribable wriggle the creature slipped with the dexterity of a serpent from under the heavy sheetlike drapery, leaving it in my husband's clutch.

"With a bound the latter was out of bed, and for the second time he had the miscreant in his grasp; but again he was foiled, this time by a new device which I will venture to say has never been heard of in the police reports of any civilized country. The man was completely nude and greased from head to foot with a soft, buttery substance that made him slippery as an eel. Notwithstanding that the count caught him several times he made good his escape, never relinquishing the box.

"Yes; the jewels are gone," continued the countess, in answer to an inquiry. "And what is more we could never trace them; there is no detective service in China that amounts to anything, and the wretches were completely successful. Baron H., although terribly afraid of the consequences of his having relegated his trust to another, behaved most handsomely, and completely exonerated my husband from all blame.

"Both gentlemen wished to give the money value for the loss, but this his imperial majesty would not permit. The story of the 'greased Chinaman' got about, however, and, we are told, vexed the Chinese officials not a little; and whether it was for this cause or for some other reason, we were shortly transferred to another post. As it was in the path of promotion we were more than satisfied, and took no pains to discover the reason."—New York Tribune.

Embarrassing for the Pole.

A charming, and it must be confessed, rather coquettish widow, whose name is familiar to many of you, was recently being escorted home from a literary reception by two young men, an Englishman and a Pole. Now, the Pole could not speak English, nor the Englishman Polish, nor even French, in which language the lady was accustomed to address the Pole. Thus, in a sort of linguistic medley, the three were discussing the marriage of a very young girl to an old man whose recommendation was his money.

Said the Englishman (in English, of course—a dead language to the pole): "Now, Mrs. ——, if you'll pardon the candor, I don't really believe you disapprove of such a marriage as violently as you say you do. You women are all sordid creatures—get you to the scratch. Tell me, frankly, if you had to choose between that rich old man and say, for instance, me (the Englishman was conspicuously impecunious), which would you take?"

She—Why, you! You are at least young and——

They were interrupted by the Pole muttering and jabbering under his mustache.

"Excuse me, madam," he hissed in French, "I see I am de trop!" and off he went down a side street. Of course they were thunderstruck, nor could they possibly account for his strange conduct. A half hour later, while the imperturbable Englishman pursued the even tenor of his way down Sixth avenue, such peals of laughter as rang out from the lady's dressing room!

"He must understand a little English!" she said to herself, "just enough to have made him think Mr. —— had proposed and I had accepted him. No wonder he felt 'de trop!'"

She has never seen the Pole since.—New York World.

Carlyle and Some Young Men.

When we think of bores we are tempted to wish that all men had something of Carlyle's rudeness. The mighty Thomas was bidding "Good day" to a very conceited young man who had favored him with a long sermon on things in general. He went politely to the door, and then said:

"Well, Mr. Bland, I've received ye for the sake of your father. Now goodby; and I earnestly hope I'll never see ye again!"

On another occasion Carlyle looked in a passionless way at a visitor who had been holding forth for ever so long, and said:

"Man, but ye're a puir creeture!"

The anecdote recalls one of a cobbler who once got rid of a tiresome caller by putting his hands on his lapstone and pensively gazing at the talking nuisance. Finally he said:

"I suppose, now, they tell you that God made you?"

The terrible insinuation was too much for the bore, and he fled, utterly routed.—Irish Times.

Curiosities About Beans.

Of all edible pods, it is believed that the bean has been the longest known and most widely cultivated. It was used as food by the ancient Jews and considered sacred by the Greeks and Romans. A temple dedicated to Kyanetes, the god of beans, formerly stood on the sacred road near Eleusis. Kyanetes was called the god of beans because he was the first to cultivate them for food. The bean feast, which the Athenians celebrated in honor of Apollo, was characterized by the excessive use of beans.

The Egyptians, contrary to the nations above mentioned, considered beans unclean, and would not venture to touch them. Pythagoras admonished his scholars, "Abstain from beans." The natives of Egypt and most all oriental nations look upon the black speck on the wings of the bean flower as the written characters of death.—St. Louis Republic.

North, the Nitrate King.

Colonel North, the nitrate king, has a daughter Emma, to whom he gave £500,000 and told her to marry whom she liked. All the young sparks in Chili used to laugh about her, but she will probably end by being at least a duchess. He has one son, Harry, or, as he used to be called when I knew him, "'Arry." He was then a small boy going home to school, and on landing at Montevideo came off with a box of common grass as a curiosity to take to England. He had never seen a blade of grass at Iquique, where nothing grows, and the boy could not understand our laughter at his greenness. North gave Harry $50,000 on his twenty-first birthday, and told him to have a "jolly spree." I believe Harry is now in the army.—San Francisco Letter.

Safe and Dangerous Railroads.

With the exception of the Chinese railways, with their prejudiced crazed wrecking mobs, the unsafest roads in the world are those of Spain, whose landslides and inundations wreck a train every few weeks, not to mention the risk from bandits and insurgents. The safest are those of northern Germany and England.

Statistics prove that in 1886 and 1890 only three out of 62,000,000 North German passengers lost their lives by causes which could in any way be ascribed to the neglect of precautions on the part of the railway officials. In Great Britain during the same period the ratio was one fatal accident to 19,000,000 safe trips. In America three out of ten fatal casualties can be traced to the disadvantages of the one track system.—New York Telegram.

A Bad Blunder.

Visitor (in jail, to prisoner)—What are you here for?

Prisoner—For stealing.

Visitor—What did you steal?

Prisoner—I stole a girl's affections.

Visitor—Well, that is no infraction of the law.

Prisoner—Hem; I carried 'em off with her father's horse and buggy.—New York Epoch.

A LAZY MAN'S PARADISE.

The People of Paraguay Take Things Easy and Do Not Like to Work.

Butter is very rare in the Paraguayan capital, because the peasants will not attend to their cows, lead them to good pasture and work a churn. At Asuncion we have seen the cows turned out into the street to graze where there is next to nothing to eat. At Villa Concepcion the case is the same, whereas if the cows were led half a mile to the edge of the town they would find abundant pasture, and give good milk. This is only one instance out of a thousand.

Take, again, those old and young women we saw squatting in the market, with little scraps of produce spread out before them. Suppose they sell this for ten cents, they have enough to buy mate, tobacco and mandioca, which are their chief aliments, and thus they keep the household going, with the help of oranges, that lie in many places a foot deep on the ground. A caustic observer has said that the Paraguayan peasant lives on mate and the smell of a greased rag. The greased rag is an exaggeration.

Mate, mandioca, tobacco, sugar cane, oranges, and cana rum as a luxury, such are the ordinary and extraordinary articles of consumption. With poor food such as this the men are naturally weak and indolent; and being at the same time the lords of creation they pass their lives in meditative laziness and leave the women to do what little work is absolutely required to keep a roof over their heads.

These Paraguayans, poor and ignorant as they may be, are proud and susceptible; they never say thank you except as a formula of refusal; it is useless to order them about; they must be treated with gentleness and persuasion, as equals, and even then not much can be got out of them. So I was told by a dozen men who had varied experience in the country. The educated Paraguayans themselves admit this much, but without notable disapproval, and with an impatient click of the tongue against the teeth and much writhing and shrugging of neck and shoulders they will protest against Americanism, progress and doing things quickly.

"It is not in the character of the nation," they will say. "It is in our nature to go on slowly, quietly, without effort; and fortune comes to us almost while we are sleeping."—Theodore Child in Harper's.

Kelcey's Bill for Trousers.

Herbert Kelcey's dignified appearance is a part of his reputation. His faultless coats and his well creased trousers, which never seem to have discovered that their wearer is jointed at the knees like the rest of the world, have been the envy of plenty of fellows who cannot sit down once in a pair of breeches without letting them into all the secrets of their shape. It is not generally known, however, how much care Kelcey takes to keep up his appearance.

Of course in New York it is perfectly easy to keep one's self pressed, but when he is traveling on the road it is quite a different matter. The actor resorts to various methods to retain that beautiful crease down the front of his trousers, one of which is to take his trousers when he undresses, stretch them carefully into shape, and lay them between the mattresses of his bed—when his bed has two mattresses.

Last year he left a western hotel in a hurry and left a pair of trousers behind him, for which he telegraphed back from the next town. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore had arrived at the hotel the next night and been assigned to the room Kelcey had occupied. The bellboy was sent to the room to ask the occupants' permission to look for the nether garments. They were found between the mattresses, and Barrymore undertook to do them up and forward them to his brother actor. When Kelcey received the package it contained, in addition to the trousers, a bill stating that Mr. Herbert Kelcey was indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Barrymore for pressing one pair of trousers.—Boston Home Journal.

The Truth in Hot Weather.

We are accustomed to say that the Americans are generally a truthful people. Is it owing to our climate? That has great extremes. The mean is fair, and produces national veracity. Whence comes, then, the habit of playful exaggeration, usually harmless, and perfectly understood as humorous? Is it the result of the extremes of heat and cold, especially of heat? Observation ought to tell us whether we are more truthful in the winter than in the summer, and whether the national habit of using ice water for a beverage is an attempt to counteract the veracity destroying power of a high temperature.

There is no doubt that we unbend in summer; moral reforms relax; the city churches are closed; society falls into a flirtatious way, and only rounds up into seriousness of intention with the advent of the bracing autumn. Apparently it is the first frost that tones us up into veracity. It is a humiliating dependence.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

The Production of Pollen.

The immense number of pollen grains produced by a single flower apparently militates against the saying that nature allows nothing to be formed but what is needful. It seems, indeed, a vast waste of material to have such a multitude of grains when so very few would answer the same purpose. In a single flower of the peony there are about three and a half millions grains; a flower of the dandelion is estimated to produce nearly two hundred and fifty thousand; the number of ovules in a flower of the Chinese wisteria has been counted and the number of pollen grains estimated, and it is found that for each ovule there are seven thousand grains.

While few fall below the thousands, many rise far above the peony in point of numbers. These are the wind fertilized flowers, and here nature must provide for an immense loss of material.—Professor Joseph F. James in Popular Science Monthly.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

His Natural Characteristics Get Him Into Numerous Difficulties.

I always make it a rule to get along with my neighbors without engaging in any belittling quarrels or disputes with them. I will put up with a great deal before I will descend to the vulgarity of a quarrel with any one, and I don't intend having a row with any one now, but if my neighbor's boy should disappear suddenly and never be heard of any more, or if he should be found with his neck broken, I will perhaps have been at the bottom of it all, and no honest jury in the land will do anything with me for it.

This boy is ten years old. His name is Horace Walpole Gladstone Smith, but they call him "Teddy." He has taken to getting up at 5 o'clock these fine mornings, and his parents encourage him in such idiocy by bragging around "how smart our little Teddy is!"

Ten minutes after Teddy is up he is racing along in front of my house drawing a stick over the palings of the fence under my bedroom window. Then he walks up and down singing "I want to be an angel." He knows but one line of it, and he screeches that out over and over again until—well, you know what I wish as I lie in bed gnashing my teeth, with no hope of getting my beloved morning snooze.

By and by, at about half past 5, he brings out a wagon made out of a wooden box and four creaking, wobbling, solid wooden wheels, and he races up and down the wooden pavement dragging that noisy, loathsome thing after him. Then he gets under my open bedroom window and begins screeching to a boy who lives half a block away:

"Jimmy! O-o-o-h, Jim! S-a-a-y, Jim Jones, I'm up and you a-i-i-i-n't!"

Then he goes through a series of yells, cat calls and dog barks, ending with frightful singing of "Annie Rooney." This is followed by another wildly screeched out taunt to Jimmy Jones.

"S-a-a-y, Jim! Beat ye up! I've beat ye up, sleepy head! O-o-o-o-h, Jim!"

You thrust your head out of a window and say coldly:

"Stop that noise!"

He looks up at you placidly and says:

"I guess I can make all the noise I want to in my father's own yard, so I can," and he makes more noise than before, while you bounce back to bed feeling pretty sure that the command to "love thy neighbor as thyself" did not include thy neighbor's boy.—Detroit Free Press.

The Little Soldier.

A short soldier is not to be held inefficient because of lack of stature. The standard in the French army is, and was, indeed, in the days of the old professional army, lower than ours is now. The piou-pious who stormed the Malakoff were little grigs of men, averaging about 5 feet 4 inches. But they were wiry, tough, sinewy fellows—genuine men, although low of stature. The French nation runs small.

The British people, as a whole, are of larger frame, and the undersized men among us are more apt to be weaklings. How much more likely to be weaklings are the undersized "dregs"—to use Mr. Bright's expression—who scramble by a strain into our ranks under the present low standard of admission.

The old notion was that a big soldier was needed to furnish weight and thrusting power in a bayonet charge. There are no bayonet charges now. During the whole Franco-German war I saw bloody bayonets but once, and that in a street fight. Man for man, the moderate sized, sturdy recruit—perhaps even the sturdy little recruit, is likely to make a better all around soldier than the big fellow. He has more endurance, he seems to carry his burden more easily, having less of himself to carry, and he is generally healthier.

But your narrow chested, "herring bodied," undersized gutter weed is pure trash on campaign; you cannot make decent "cannon fodder" of a creature of this sort, and it is of creatures of this sort that our ranks today are full.—Archibald Forbes in Fortnightly Review.

The Dog's Laugh.

The proprietor of a Third avenue saloon owns a little black kitten that is a curiosity. It cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist. When in a playful mood it never shows a claw or attempts to scratch, but parries and counters as though familiar with every rule in the Queensberry code.

A gentleman took into the saloon the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good natured and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs and "put up its fists" in an attitude of defiance and challenge. The contrast in size between the two quadrupeds was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a Titan.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.—New York Telegram.

Paper Mills of the World.

The production of paper in the entire world is estimated to be 3,000,0000,000 pounds per year. There are 884 paper mills and 1,106 paper machines in this country. Germany has 809 mills and 891 machines; France, 420 mills and 525 machines; England, 361 mills and 541 machines; Scotland, 69 mills and 98 machines; Ireland, 13 mills and 13 machines; Russia, 133 mills and 137 machines, and Austria, 220 mills and 270 machines.—Boston Transcript.

SCROFULA

eczema,
tetter, boils,
ulcers, sores,
rheumatism, and
catarrh, cured
by taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It
purifies,
vitalizes, invigorates,
and enriches
the blood.

Has Cured Others
will cure you.

F. D. Kinsella & Co.

22 & 24 FOURTH-AV., Chicago,

Designers and Manufacturers of

Stained, Cut, and Embossed Glass

For Churches, Residences, Public Halls and Buildings, &c.

DO YOU KNOW

That the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines run through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Tourist Sleepers without change between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.?

The train known as the Pacific Express leaves the magnificent new Grand Central Passenger Station, Chicago, every day at 10:45 p. m.

For tickets, berths in Pullman or Tourist Sleepers, apply to GEO. K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to 205 Clark st.

F. J. EDDY, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenge Station, Chicago, Ill.

When Going to Europe,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.
MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons. TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons.
BRITANNIC, GERMANIC, ADRIATIC,
SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, French, German and Scandinavian ports.
The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.
For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.
J. BRUCE ISMAY, G'l Ag't, 41 Broadway, New York.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

THREE GREAT CITIES IN THE WEST
CHICAGO

LINKED TOGETHER BY THE
CHICAGO & ALTON R. R
No Change of Cars BETWEEN CHICAGO & KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS, AND ST. LOUIS & KANSAS CITY
Union Depots in KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS and CHICAGO.
No other line runs
PALACE DINING CARS
between CHICAGO and KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS, and ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY. Meals equal to those served in any First-Class Hotel, only 75 cents.
The finest
PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CARS
in the world are run in all Through Trains, day and night, without change, and FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.
PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS
the finest, best and safest in use anywhere.
These are the quickest route from CHICAGO to MEMPHIS, MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS and all points SOUTH and ST. LOUIS.
The Short Line to
Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nebraska, Oregon, California, etc.
The GREAT EXCURSION ROUTE between the NORTH and SOUTH and to and from GOLD LANDS and the HEALTH RESORTS and MINING DISTRICTS of the West and South-west.
See that your tickets read via "CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD."
For Maps, Time Tables, and all information, address
JAMES CHARLTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
210 Dearborn Street, Corner Adams Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.
J. C. McMULLIN, Vice-President
G. H. CHAPPELL, General Manager.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Room 25, 99 Washington st; John O'Neill, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 25, 99 Washington st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. P H Conley, H M E, 477 W Indiana st.; Chas. Langale, H C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, I S.; J V Cook, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

P J Cahill, John O'Neill, J J Dillon, Henry Detmer, Dr P H Conley, Peter Mueller, P Chambers, N A Kirschlen, Ludger Drolet, M W Murray, Henry C Johnson.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brocken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 590 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 589 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Pitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 3967 State st; Henry S Newson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 3974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3633 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 571 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Meliter, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devitt, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Monagan, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilquham, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E B Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 196 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 226 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittesbmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Keler, R S, 399 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—O A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, F S; Joseph F Rooder, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 670 Larrabee st; J Havanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Somitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows. Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5894 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Briehl, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1428 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trunscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brocciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Kranis, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Semple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3622 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 376 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V. P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 261 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec., 609 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 3104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1723 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V. P.; M. J. Barrett, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec., Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres S Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Eigerman's Hall, South Chicago

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., P. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Curtler st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st.; V. P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast. Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lowell. Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Talt, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V. P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Hencly; Treas., P. S. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., m. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lane sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres. Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter ...; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 867 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1056 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3809 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2963 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 656 Thirty-first st.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.

President, Rev. F. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.
First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.
Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.
Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.
Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.
Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.
Sergeant at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH NO. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2900 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Yeomas Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Daal Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 33 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.
Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.
Secretary, John Mulvihill, 378 W. Erie st, Chicago.
Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.
Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.
County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reardan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and

PRICES AT 1/3 AND 1/2 LESS TO CLOSE OUT ALL GOODS.

You may search Chicago over and over again, you'll not find such bargains as we are offering, because they are not to be found outside of this store.

Unless a house is actually going out of business they can not nor will not make such low prices as we make you todsy. We are closing out as speedily as possible our immense stock of fine goods at the low est prices ever known.

Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, and new Spring Goods at that, of better materials and better workmanship than we ever made up before, marked at ⅓ and ½ below real value.

Men's and Boys' Shoes of the most durable and shapely kind—made especially for us—they too are cut almost in half in price.

All the Men's Furnishings—Neckwear, Underwear, Shirts, Hosiery, etc., going at little or nothing.

Wanamaker & Brown,

145 STATE STREET.

Best Tailoring to Order in the City and largest line of new Spring Woolens.

"THE CITIZEN."

Politically Independent. Uncompromising on the Irish National Issue.

The Enemy of Knownothingism and Bigotry of Every Form.

The Best Irish-American Advertising Medium West of the Alleghenies,

Has Removed Its Business and Publication Offices to the McCormick Block, No. 67 to 73 Dearborn Street.

All Subscribers and Advertisers Will Please Take Notice.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern:

Please take notice that on the 30th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8), Township Thirty nine (39) North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H Crotser, a lunatic

AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

GUION LINE.

NEW YORK. QUEENSTOWN. LIVERPOOL.

Seven Days' Mail Steamers.

First Cabin Rates from $50, Second Cabin $30, and Steerage $18. Drafts on Dublin, Belfast, Liverpool, London and Glasgow.

Cramer & Co.

GENERAL AGENTS,

60 S. Clark St., Sherman House,

CHICAGO, ILL.

H.R.EAGLE

Sugar, Fruit Jars and Preserve Kettles

ARE WHAT YOU WANT AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR.

Granulated Sugar, per lb.....3 3-4 cents

Heavy Tin Lipped Preserve Kettles, each.....8 cents
Large 12 quart Enameled Preserve Kettles, each.....49 cents
4½-gallon Heavy Brass Preserve Kettles, each.....99 cents
THESE ARE THE FINEST KETTLES MADE

MASON FRUIT JARS, Extra Covers and Extra Rubbers, AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

Sardines in Oil, per can.....4 cents
Large Cans Mustard Sardines, each.....6 cents
1 lb Can Genuine Colman's Mustard.....29 cents
Imported Macaroni, per lb.....7 cents
A 3 lb Can McMurray's Olive Branch Peaches for.....15 cents
A 2 lb Can Sugar Corn for.....7 cents
Sweet Chocolate, per cake.....3 cents
20 different kinds of Plug Tobacco, per lb.....19 cents
A Good Fine Cut Plug Tobacco, per lb.....25 cents
A Gallon Can Tomatoes for.....18 cents
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb.....25 cents
Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb.....15 cents

A Spalding's Boy's Base Ball Bat for.....5 cents

PICNIC AND LUNCH GOODS.

A large can Mustard Sardines for.....5 cents
American Sardines in Oil, per can.....4 cents
A 2 lb can Corn Beef for.....17 cents
A 2 lb can Roast Beef for.....19 cents
A 2 lb can Roast Lamb for.....19 cents
Barataria Shrimps, per can.....21 cents
Kippered Herring, per can.....21 cents
A 1 lb can Salmon for.....9 cents
A 1 lb can Best Quality Lobsters.....21 cents
A 3 lb can Mackerel in Mustard.....23 cents
Picnic Pickles, per bottle.....7 cents
English Style Pint Pickles.....20 cents
English Style Quart Pickles.....35 cents
1 lb cans Cove Oysters.....8 cents
2 lb cans Cove Oysters.....16 cents
A 27 ounce bottle Spanish Olives for.....25 cents
C. & B. Raspberry Jam, per jar.....19 cents

We have also a complete assortment of Crackers, Biscuits and Cakes.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl..$5.78

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

SUPERLATIVE PATENT FLOUR, per brl--$5.58
FINEST ST. LOUIS WINTER WHEAT FLOUR, per brl $4.98
COFFEE OUR AFTER-DINNER JAVA COFFEE AT 25 cents per lb

Is the cheapest and best Coffee in the city. Many thousands of our customers will speak of its excellence.

H.R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891. John G. Hauciss vs. Sarah Hauciss. In Chancery. No. 91,759.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Hauciss that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

1840 Fifty-first Anniversary. 1891

—OF THE—

OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE.

Carrying the British & U. S. Mails.

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.

EVERY SATURDAY FROM NEW YORK.

ALSO FORTNIGHTLY WEDNESDAY SAILINGS.

Besides a Weekly Service from Boston Every Saturday.

This Line Has the Largest, Fastest, and Most Magnificent Fleet in the World.

Its character, record and general reputation for speed, comfort and safety (having never lost a passenger in the 51 years of its existence) requires no comment.

F. G. WHITING,
Manager Western Dept.
31 Randolph St., (under Sherman House.)

P. V. FITZPATRICK, 145 Twenty-second-st
M. J. GERAGHTY, 833 W. Twelfth Street.
(Adjoining Jesuit Church.)

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter Clarke, a native of Co. Cavan, Ireland; last heard from about ten years ago; was then in Gunnison, Colorado. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his brother, JAS. CLARKE, 1267 W. Sixteenth st, Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

WINIFRED SHEA,
Executrix.

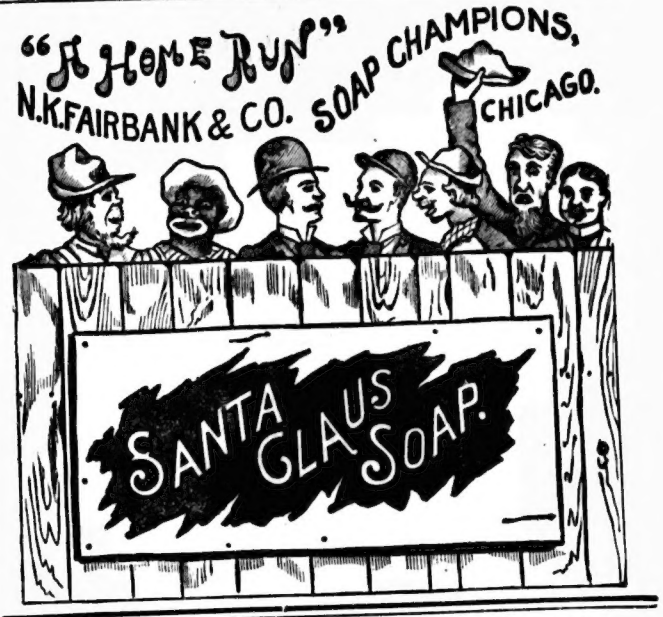
Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Krake.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

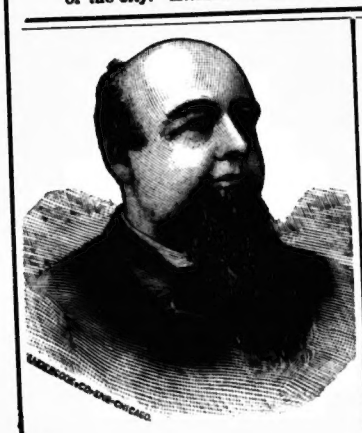
ESTATE OF WILLIAM MURPHY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1891, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 26, 1891.
WILLIAM F. MURPHY,
Administrator.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administrator, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building.



GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.



Yours anxious to please
Ed. L. Huntley.

ED. L. HUNTLEY'S $10 Ready-Made Suits For Men

give universal satisfaction. Send us $10 and the following measures and we will guarantee to fit and please you or refund your money. Rules for measurement: breast measure, over vest, close up under arms, waist measure over pants at waist, and inside leg measure from crotch to heel. SEND SIX CENTS for 12 samples of our $10 Men's Suits, fashion plate and tape measure. Boys' Suits, $5.50; Children's Suits, $3.

ED. L. HUNTLEY & CO.,
Wholesale Tailors.
184 EAST MADISON STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

COOKE Brewing Co.,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.

TELEPHONE 8298.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,

COR. WELLS AND HURON-STS.

Beginners' Class, Monday Evenings. Advance class, Tuesday and Friday Evenings, admission 25c a person. Private lessons $1.00 per hour. Hall for rent for Balls and Parties. Sleigh parties received all nights excepting Saturday nights.

CLINE BROS., Proprietors.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases. Constipation and Biliousness.

KEELEY Brewing Co.,

MALTSTERS AND LAGER BEER Brewers,

28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.,

CHICAGO.

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY.

PURE BARLEY MALT

LAGER BEER.

2349 SOUTH PARK-AVE.

CONRAD SEIPP.

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 37TH STREET,

Chicago, Ill.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Celebrated Salvator Beer

PILSENER LAGER BEER

Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company.

MILWAUKEE,

REPRESENTED BY

EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.

Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.